GUY MANNERING;

OR,

THE ASTROLOGER.

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OR,

THE ASTROLOGER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

'Tis said that words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour;
But scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.
Lay of the Last Minstrel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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CHAPTER I.

"He could not deny, that, looking round upon the dreary region, and seeing nothing but bleak fields, and naked trees, hills obscured by fogs, and flats covered with inundations, he did for some time suffer melancholy to prevail upon him, and wished himself again safe at home."

TRAVELS OF WILL. MARVEL, IDLER, No. 49.

It was in the beginning of the month of November, 17—, when a young English gentleman, who had just left the university of Oxford, made use of the liberty afforded him to visit some parts of the north of England; and curiosity extended his tour into the adjacent frontier of the sister country. He had visited, upon the day that opens our history, some monastic ruins in the

county of Dumfries, and spent much of the day in making drawings of them from different points; so that, upon mounting his horse to resume his journey, the brief and gloomy twilight of the season had already commenced. His way lay through a wide track of black moss, extending for miles on each side and before him. Little eminences arose like islands on its surface, bearing here and there patches of corn, which even at this season was green, and sometimes a hut, or farm-house, shaded by a willow or two, and surrounded by large elder-bushes. These insulated dwellings communicated with each other by winding passages through the moss, impassable by any but the natives themselves. The public road, however, was tolerably well-made and safe, so that the prospect of being benighted brought with it no real danger. Still it is uncomfortable to travel, alone and in the dark, through an unknown country, and there are few ordinary occasions upon which Fancy frets

herself so much as in a situation like that of Mannering.

As the light grew faint and more faint, and the morass appeared blacker and blacker, our traveller questioned more closely each chance passenger upon his distance from the village of Kippletringan, where he proposed to quarter for the night. His queries were usually answered by a counter-challenge respecting the place from whence he came. While sufficient day-light remained to shew the dress and appearance of a gentleman, these cross interrogatories were usually put in the form of a case supposed, as, "Ye'll hae been at the auld abbey o' Halycross, sir? there's mony English gentlemen gang to see that."—Or, "Your honour will be come frae the house o' Ponderloupat?" But when the voice of the querist alone was distinguishable, the response usually was, "Where are ye coming frae at sick a time o' night as the like o' this?"—or, "Ye'll no be of this country, freend?" The answers, when

obtained, were neither very reconcileable to each other, nor accurate in the information which they afforded. Kippletringan was distant at first, "*a gay bit.*" Then the "*gay bit*" was more accurately described, as "*aiblins three miles;*" then the "*three miles*" diminished into "*like a mile and a bittock;*" then extended themselves into "*four miles or there awa;*" and, lastly, a female voice having hushed a wailing infant which the spokeswoman carried in her arms, assured Guy Mannering, "It was a weary lang gait yet to Kippletringan, and unco heavy road for foot passengers." The poor hack upon which Mannering was mounted was probably of opinion that it suited him as ill as the female respondent; he began to flag very much, answered each application of the spur with a groan, and stumbled at every stone (and they were not few) which lay in his road.

Mannering now grew impatient. He was occasionally betrayed into a deceitful hope, that the end of his journey was near,

by the apparition of a twinkling light or two; but, as he came up, he was disappointed to find the gleams proceeded from some of those farm-houses which occasionally ornamented the surface of the extensive bog. At length, to compleat his perplexity, he arrived at a place where the road divided into two. If there had been light to consult the reliques of a finger-post which stood there, it would have been of little avail, as, according to the good custom of North-Britain, the inscription had been defaced shortly after its erection. Our adventurer was therefore compelled, like a knight-errant of old, to trust to the sagacity of his horse, which, without any demur, chose the left-hand path, and seemed to proceed at a somewhat livelier pace than formerly, affording thereby a hope that he knew he was drawing near to his quarters for the evening. This hope was not speedily accomplished, and Mannering, whose impatience made every furlong seem three, began to think that Kipple-

tringan was actually retreating before him in proportion to his advance.

It was now very cloudy, although the stars, from time to time, shed a twinkling and uncertain light. Hitherto nothing had broken the silence around him, but the deep cry of the bog-blitter, or bull-of-the-bog, a large species of bittern; and the sighs of the wind as it passed along the dreary morass. To these was now joined the distant roar of the ocean, towards which the traveller seemed to be fast approaching. This was no circumstance to make his mind easy. Many of the roads in that country lay along the sea-beach, and were liable to be flooded by the tides, which rise with great height, and advance with extreme rapidity. Others were intersected with creeks, and small inlets, which it was only safe to pass at particular times of the tide. Neither circumstance would have suited a dark night, a fatigued horse, and a traveller ignorant of his road. Mannering resolved, therefore, definitive-

ly, to halt for the night at the first inhabited place, however poor, he might chance to reach, unless he could procure a guide to this unlucky village of Kippletringan.

A miserable hut gave him an opportunity to execute his purpose. He found out the door with no small difficulty, and for some time knocked without producing any other answer than a duett between a female and a cur-dog, the latter yelping as if he would have barked his heart out, the other screaming in chorus. By degrees the human tones predominated; but the angry bark of the cur being at the instant changed into a howl, it is probable something more than fair strength of lungs had contributed to the ascendancy.

"Sorrow be in your thrapple than!" these were the first articulate words, "will ye no let me hear what the man wants, wi' your yaffing?"

"Am I far from Kippletringan, good dame?"

"Frae Kippletringan!!!" in an exalted tone of wonder, which we can but faintly express by three points of admiration. "Ow, man! ye should hae hadden *easel* to Kippletringan—ye maun gae back as far as the Whaap, and haud the Whaap till ye come to Ballenloan, and then"——

"This will never do, good dame! my horse is almost quite set up—can you not give me a night's lodgings?"

"Troth can I no—I am a lone woman, for James he's awa to Drumshourloch fair with the year-aulds, and I darena for my life open the door to ony of your gang-there-out sort o' bodies."—

"But what must I do then, good dame? for I can't sleep here upon the road all night?"

"Troth, I ken na, unless ye like to gae down andspeer for quarters at the Place. I'se warrant they'll take ye in, whether ye be gentle or semple."

"Simple enough, to be wandering here at such a time of night," thought Manner-

ing, who was ignorant of the meaning of the phrase, "but how shall I get to the *place*, as you call it?"

"Ye maun haud *wessel* by the end o' the loan, and take tent o' the jaw-hole."

"O, if you get to *easel* and *wessel* again, I am undone!—Is there nobody that could guide me to this *place?* I will pay him handsomely."

The word *pay* operated like magic. "Jock, ye villain," exclaimed the voice from the interior, "are ye lying routing there, and a young gentleman seeking the way to the Place? Get up, ye fause loon, and shew him the way down the meikle loaning.—He'll shew you the way, sir, and I'se warrant ye'll be weel put up; for they never turn awa' naebody frae the door; and ye'll be come in the canny moment I'm thinking, for the laird's servant—that's no to say his body-servant, but the helper like—rade express by this e'en to fetch the houdie, and he just staid the drinking o' twa pints o' tippeny, to tell us how my leddy was ta'en wi' her pains."

"Perhaps," said Mannering, "at such a time a stranger's arrival might be inconvenient?"

"Hout, na, ye needna be blate about that; their house is muckle eneugh, and clecking time's aye canty time."

By this time Jock had found his way into all the intricacies of a tattered doublet, and more tattered pair of breeches, and sallied forth, a great white-headed, bare-legged, lubberly boy of twelve years old, so exhibited by the glimpse of a rush-light, which his half-naked mother held in such a manner as to get a peep at the stranger, without greatly exposing herself to view in return. Jock moved on westward, by the end of the house, leading Mannering's horse by the bridle, and piloting, with some dexterity, along the little path which bordered the formidable jaw-hole, whose vicinity the stranger was made sensible of by means of more organs than one. His guide then dragged the weary hack along a broken and stony cart-track, next

over a ploughed field, then broke down a *slap*, as he called it, in a dry stone fence, and lugged the unresisting animal through the breach, about a rood of the simple masonry giving way in the splutter with which he passed. Finally, he led the way, through a wicket, into something which had still the air of an avenue, though many of the trees were felled. The roar of the ocean was now near and full, and the moon, which began to make her appearance, gleamed on a turreted and apparently a ruined mansion, of considerable extent. Mannering fixed his eyes upon it with a disconsolate sensation.

"Why, my little fellow, this is a ruin, not a house?"

"Ah, but the lairds lived there langsyne—that's Ellengowan Auld Place; there's a hantle bogles about it—but ye needna be feared—I never saw ony mysell, and we're just at the door of the New Place."

Accordingly, leaving the ruins on the

right, a few steps brought the traveller in front of a small modern house, at which his guide rapped with great importance. Mannering told his circumstances to the servant; and the gentleman of the house, who heard his tale from the parlour, stepped forward, and welcomed the stranger hospitably to Ellengowan. The boy, made happy with half-a-crown, was dismissed to his cottage, the weary horse was conducted to a stall, and Mannering found himself in a few minutes seated by a comfortable supper, to which his cold ride gave him a hearty appetite.

CHAPTER II.

——— Comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
HENRY FOURTH, *Part I.*

THE company in the parlour at Ellangowan, consisted of the Laird himself, and a sort of person who might be the village schoolmaster, or perhaps the minister's assistant; his appearance was too shabby to indicate the minister, considering he was on a visit to the Laird.

The Laird himself was one of those second-rate sort of persons, that are to be found frequently in rural situations. Fielding has described one class as *feras consumere nati ;* but the love of field-sports indicates a certain activity of mind, which had forsaken Mr Bertram, if he ever pos-

sessed it. A good-humoured listlessness of countenance formed the only remarkable expression of his features, although they were rather handsome than otherwise. In fact, his physiognomy expressed the inanity of character which pervaded his life. I will give the reader some insight into his state and conversation, before he has finished a long lecture to Mannering, upon the propriety and comfort of wrapping his stirrup-irons round with a wisp of straw, when he had occasion to ride in a chill evening.

Godfrey Bertram, of Ellangowan, succeeded to a long pedigree and a short rent-roll, like many lairds of that period. His list of forefathers ascended so high, that they were lost in the barbarous ages of Galwegian independence; so that his genealogical-tree, besides the christian and crusading names of Godfreys, and Gilberts, and Dennis's, and Rolands, without end, bore heathen fruit of yet darker ages, — Arths, and Knarths, and Dona-

gilds, and Hanlons. In truth, they had been formerly the stormy chiefs of a desart, but extensive domain, and the heads of a numerous tribe, called Mac-Dingawaie, though they afterwards adopted the Norman surname of Bertram. They had made war, raised rebellions, been defeated, beheaded, and hanged, as became a family of importance, for many centuries. But they had gradually lost ground in the world, and, from being themselves the heads of treason and traitorous conspiracies, the Bertrams, or Mac-Dingawaies of Ellangowan, had sunk into subordinate accomplices. Their most fatal exhibitions in this capacity took place in the seventeenth century, when the foul fiend possessed them with a spirit of contradiction which uniformly involved them in controversy with the ruling powers. They reversed the conduct of the celebrated vicar of Bray, and adhered as tenaciously to the weaker side, as that worthy divine to

the stronger. And truly, like him, they had their reward.

Allan Bertram of Ellangowan, who flourished *tempore Caroli primi*, was, says my authority, Sir Robert Douglas, in his Scottish Baronage, (see the title Ellangowan,) "a steady loyalist, and full of zeal for the cause of his sacred majesty, in which he united with the great Marquis of Montrose, and other truly zealous and honourable patriots, and sustained great losses in that behalf. He had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by his most sacred majesty, and was sequestrated as a malignant by the parliament, 1642, and afterward as a resolutioner, in the year 1648."—These two cross-grained epithets of malignant and resolutioner cost poor Sir Allan one half of the family estate. His son Dennis Bertram married a daughter of an eminent fanatic, who had a seat in the council of state, and saved by that union the remainder of the family property. But, as ill chance would have it, he became

enamoured of the lady's principles as well as of her charms, and my author gives him this character: "He was a man of eminent parts and resolution, for which reason he was chosen by the western counties one of the committee of noblemen and gentlemen, to report their griefs to the privy council of Charles II. anent the coming in of the Highland host in 1678." For undertaking this patriotic task he underwent a fine, to pay which he was obliged to mortgage half of the remaining moiety of his paternal property. This loss he might have recovered by dint of severe economy, but upon the breaking out of Argyle's rebellion, Dennis Bertram was again suspected by government, apprehended, sent to Dunnotar Castle, on the coast of the Mearns, and there broke his neck in an attempt to escape from a subterranean habitation, called the Whig's Vault, in which he was confined with some eighty of the same persuasion. The appriser, therefore, (as the holder of a mortgage was then call-

ed,) entered upon possession, and, in the language of Hotspur, "came me cranking in," and cut the family out of another monstrous cantle of their remaining property.

Donohoe Bertram, with somewhat of an Irish name, and somewhat of an Irish temper, succeeded to the diminished property of Ellangowan. He turned out of doors the Rev. Aaron Macbriar, his mother's chaplain, (it is said they quarrelled about the good graces of a milk-maid,) drank himself daily drunk with brimming healths to the king, council, and bishops; held orgies with the Laird of Lagg, Theophilus Oglethorpe, and Sir James Turner; and lastly took his grey gelding, and joined Clavers at Killie-krankie. At the skirmish of Dunkeld, 1689, he was shot dead by a Cameronian with a silver button (being supposed to have proof from the Evil One against lead and steel,) and his grave is still called the "Wicked Laird's Lair."

His son, Lewis, had more prudence than seems usually to have belonged to the fa-

mily. He nursed what property was yet left to him; for Donohoe's excesses, as well as fines and forfeitures, had made another inroad upon the estate. And although even he did not escape the fatality which induced the Lairds of Ellangowan to interfere in politics, he had yet the prudence, ere he went *out* with Lord Kenmore in 1715, to convey his estate to trustees, in order to parry pains and penalties, in case the Earl of Mar could not put down the protestant succession. But Scylla and Charybdis—a word to the wise—he only saved his estate at expence of a law-suit, which again subdivided the family property. He was, however, a man of resolution. He sold part of the lands, evacuated the old castle, where the family lived in their decadence, as a mouse (said an old farmer) lives under a firlot. Pulling down part of these venerable ruins, he built a narrow house of three stories height, with a front like a grenadier's cap, two windows on each side, and a door in the

midst, full of all manner of cross lights. This was the New Place of Ellangowan, in which we left our hero, better amused, perhaps, than our readers, and to this Lewis Bertram retreated, full of projects for re-establishing the prosperity of his family. He took some land into his own hand, rented some from neighbouring proprietors, bought and sold Highland cattle and Cheviot sheep, rode to fairs and trysts, fought hard bargains, and held necessity at the staff's end as well as he might. But what he gained in purse he lost in honour, for such agricultural and commercial negociations were very ill looked upon by his brother lairds, who minded nothing but cock-fighting, hunting, coursing, and horse-racing. These occupations encroached, in their opinion, upon the article of Ellangowan's gentry, and he found it necessary gradually to estrange himself from their society, and sink into what was then a very ambiguous character, a gentleman farmer. In the midst of his schemes death

claimed his tribute, and the scanty remains of a large property descended upon Godfrey Bertram, the present possessor, his only son.

The danger of the father's speculations was soon seen. Deprived of his personal and active superintendance, all his undertakings miscarried, and became either abortive or perilous. Without a single spark of energy to meet or repel these misfortunes, Godfrey put his faith in the activity of another. He kept neither hunters, nor hounds, nor any other southern preliminaries to ruin; but, as has been observed of his countrymen, he kept *a man of business*, who answered the purpose equally well. Under this gentleman's supervision small debts grew into large, interests were accumulated upon capitals, moveable bonds became heritable, and law charges were heaped upon all; though Ellangowan possessed so little the spirit of a litigant, that he was upon two occa-

sions *charged* to make payment of the expences of a long litigation, although he had never before heard that he had such cases in court. Meanwhile his neighbours predicted his final ruin. Those of the higher rank, with some malignity, accounted him already a degraded brother. The lower classes, seeing nothing enviable in his situation, marked his embarrassments with more compassion. He was even a kind of favourite with them, and upon the division of a common, or the holding of a black-fishing, or poaching court, or any similar occasion, when they conceived themselves oppressed by the gentry, they were in the habit of saying to each other, "Ah, if Ellangowan, honest man, had his ain that his forebears had afore him, he wad na see the puir folk trodden down this gait." Meanwhile, this general good opinion never prevented their taking the advantage of him on all possible occasions, turning their cattle into his parks, stealing

his wood, shooting his game, and so forth, "for the laird, honest man, he'll never find it,—he never minds what a puir body does."—Pedlars, gypsies, tinkers, vagrants of all descriptions, roosted about his out-houses, or harboured in his kitchen, and the laird, who was "nae nice body," but a thorough gossip, like most weak men, found recompence for his hospitality in the pleasure of questioning them on the news of the country side.

A circumstance arrested Ellangowan's progress upon the high road to ruin. This was his marriage with a lady who had a portion of about four thousand pounds. Nobody in the neighbourhood could conceive why she married him, and endowed him with her wealth, unless because he had a tall handsome figure, a good set of features, a genteel address, and the most perfect good humour. It might be some additional consideration, that she was herself at the reflecting age of twenty-eight,

and had no near relations to controul her actions or choice.

It was in this lady's behalf (confined for the first time after her marriage) that the speedy and active express, mentioned by the old dame of the cottage, had been dispatched to Kippletringan on the night of Mannering's arrival.

Though we have said so much of the Laird himself, it still remains that we make the reader in some degree acquainted with his companion. This was Abel Sampson, commonly called, from his occupation, as a pedagogue, Dominie Sampson. He was of low birth, but having evinced, even from his cradle, an uncommon seriousness of disposition, the poor parents were encouraged to hope, that their *bairn*, as they expressed it, " might wag his pow in a pulpit yet." With an ambitious view to such a consummation, they pinched and pared, rose early and lay down late, eat dry bread and drank cold water, to secure to Abel the means of learning. Meantime, his tall

ungainly figure, his taciturn and grave manners, and some grotesque habits of swinging his limbs, and screwing his visage while reciting his task, made poor Sampson the ridicule of all his school-companions. The same qualities secured him at college a plentiful share of the same sort of notice. Half the youthful mob "of the yards" used to assemble regularly to see Dominie Sampson, (for he had already attained that honourable title,) descend the stairs from the Greek class, with his Lexicon under his arm, his long mis-shapen legs sprawling abroad, and keeping awkward time to the play of his immense shoulder-blades, as they raised and depressed the loose and threadbare black coat which was his constant and only wear. When he spoke, the efforts of the professor were totally inadequate to restrain the inextinguishable laughter of the students, and sometimes even to repress his own. The long sallow visage, the goggle eyes, the huge under-jaw, which appeared not to open and shut by

an act of volition, but to be dropped and hoisted up again by some complicated machinery within the inner man, the harsh and dissonant voice, and the screech-owl notes to which it was exalted when he was exhorted to pronounce more distinctly, all added fresh subject for mirth to the torn-cloak and shattered shoe, which have afforded legitimate subjects of raillery against the poor scholar from Juvenal's time downward. It was never known that Sampson either exhibited irritability at this ill usage, or made the least attempt to retort upon his tormentors. He slunk from college by the most secret paths he could discover, and plunged himself into his miserable lodging, where, for eighteen-pence a-week, he was allowed the benefit of a straw mattress, and, if his landlady was in good humour, permission to study his task by her fire. Under all these disadvantages, he obtained a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin, and some acquaintance with the sciences.

In progress of time, Abel Sampson, probationer of divinity, was admitted to the privileges of a preacher. But, alas! partly from his own bashfulness, partly owing to a strong disposition to risibility which pervaded the congregation upon his first attempt, he became totally incapable of proceeding in his intended discourse, gasped, grinned, hideously rolled his eyes till the congregation thought them flying out of his head, shut the Bible, stumbled down the pulpit-stairs, trampling upon the old women who generally take their station there, and was ever after designated as a "stickit minister." And thus he wandered back to his own country, with blighted hopes and prospects, to share the poverty of his parents. As he had neither friend nor confidant, hardly even an acquaintance, no one had the means of observing closely, how Dominie Sampson bore a disappointment which supplied the whole town where it happened with a week's sport.

It would be endless even to mention the numerous jokes to which it gave birth, from a ballad, called "Sampson's Riddle," written upon the subject by a smart young student of humanity, to the sly hope of the principal, that the fugitive had not taken the college gates along with him in his retreat.

To all appearance the equanimity of Sampson was unshaken. He sought to assist his parents by teaching a school, and soon had plenty of scholars, but very few fees. In fact, he taught the sons of farmers for what they chose to give him, and the poor for nothing; and, to the shame of the former be it spoken, the pedagogue's gains never equalled those of a skilful ploughman. He wrote, however, a good hand, and added something to his pittance by copying accounts and writing letters for Ellangowan. By degrees, the Laird, who was much estranged from general society, became partial to that of Do-

minie Sampson. Conversation, it is true, was out of the question, but the Dominie was a good listener, and stirred the fire with some address. He attempted also to snuff the candles, but was unsuccessful, and relinquished that ambitious post of courtesy after having twice reduced the parlour to total darkness. So his civilities, in future, were confined to taking off his glass of ale in exactly the same time and measure with the Laird, and in uttering certain indistinct murmurs of acquiescence at the conclusion of the long and winding stories of Ellangowan.

Upon one of these occasions, he presented for the first time to Mannering his tall, gaunt, awkward, boney figure, attired in a threadbare suit of black, with a coloured handkerchief, not over clean, about his sinewy, scraggy neck, and his nether person arrayed in grey breeches, dark-blue stockings, clouted shoes, and small copper buckles.

Such is a brief outline of the lives and fortunes of those two persons, in whose society Mannering now found himself comfortably seated.

CHAPTER III.

Do not the hist'ries of all ages
Relate miraculous presages,
Of strange turns in the world's affairs,
Foreseen by astrologers, sooth-sayers,
Chaldeans, learned Genethliacs,
And some that have writ almanacks?

HUDIBRAS.

THE circumstances of the landlady were pleaded to Mannering, first, as an apology for her not appearing to welcome her guest, and for those deficiencies in his entertainment which her attention might have supplied, and then as an excuse for pressing an extra bottle of good wine.

"I cannot well sleep," said the Laird, with the anxious feelings of a father in such a predicament, "till I hear she's gotten ower with it—and if you, sir, are not very sleepry, and would do me and the Dominie the honour to sit up wi' us, I am sure we will not detain you very late.

Luckie Howatson is very expeditious;—there was ance a lass that was in that way—she did not live far from hereabouts—ye need na shake your head and groan, Dominie—I am sure the kirk dues were all well paid, and what can a man do more?—it was laid till her ere she had on a sark ower her head; and the man that she since wadded does not think her a pin the worse for the misfortune.—They live, Mr Mannering, by the shore-side, at Annan, and a more decent orderly couple, with six as fine bairns as you would wish to see plash in a salt-water dub; and little curlie Godfrey—that's the eldest, the come o' will, as I may say—he's on board an excise yacht—I hae a cousin at the board of excise, that's Commissioner Bertram; he got his commissionership in the great contest for the county, that ye must have heard of, for it was appealed to the House of Commons—now I should have voted there for the Laird of Balruddery; but ye see my father was a jacobite, and *out* with Kenmore, so he never took the oaths; and I

ken not well how it was, but all that I could do and say they keepit me off the roll, though my agent, that had a vote upon my estate, ranked as a good vote for auld Sir Thomas Kittlecourt. But, to return to what I was saying, Luckie Howatson is very expeditious, for this lass"——

Here the desultory and long narrative of the Laird of Ellangowan was interrupted by the voice of some one ascending the stairs from the kitchen story, and singing at full pitch of voice. The high notes were too shrill for a man, the low seemed too deep for a woman. The words, as far as Mannering could distinguish them, seemed to run thus:

Canny moment, lucky fit;
Is the lady lighter yet?
Be it lad, or be it lass,
Sign wi' cross, and sain wi' mass.

"It's Meg Merrilies, the gypsie, as sure as I am a sinner," said Mr Bertram. The

Dominie groaned deeply, uncrossed his legs, drew in the huge splay foot which his former posture had extended, placed it perpendicular, and stretched the other limb over it instead, puffing out between whiles huge volumes of tobacco smoke. "What needs ye groan, Dominie? I am sure Meg's sangs do nae harm."

"Nor good neither," answered Dominie Sampson, in a voice whose untuneable harshness corresponded with the awkwardness of his figure. They were the first words which Mannering had heard him speak; and as he had been watching, with some curiosity, when this eating, drinking, moving, and smoking automaton would perform the part of speaking, he was a good deal diverted with the harsh timber tones which issued from him. But at this moment the door opened, and Meg Merrilies entered.

Her appearance made Mannering start. She was full six feet high, wore a man's great-coat over the rest of her dress, had

in her hand a goodly sloe-thorn cudgel, and in all points of equipment, except her petticoats, seemed rather masculine than feminine. Her dark elf-locks shot out like the snakes of the gorgon, between an old-fashioned bonnet called a Bongrace, heightening the singular effect of her strong and weather-beaten features, which they partly shadowed, while her eye had a wild roll that indicated something like real or affected insanity.

"Aweel, Ellangowan," she said, "wad it no hae been a bonnie thing, an the leddy had been brought-to-bed, and me at the fair o' Drumshourloch, no kenning nor dreaming a word about it? Wha was to hae keepit awa the worriecows, I trow? Aye, and the elves and gyre carlings frae the bonny bairn, grace be wi' it? Aye, or said Saint Colmes charm for its sake, the dear?" And without waiting an answer she begun to sing—

Trefoil, vervain, John's-wort, dill,
Hinders witches of their will;

Weel is them, that weel may
Fast upon St Andrew's day.

Saint Bride and her brat,
Saint Colme and her cat,
Saint Michael and his spear,
Keep the house frae reif and weir.

This charm she sung to a wild tune, in a high and shrill voice, and, cutting three capers with such strength and agility as almost to touch the roof of the room, concluded, "And now, Laird, will ye no order me a tass o' brandy?"

"That you shall have, Meg—Sit down yont there at the door, and tell us what news ye have heard at the fair o' Drumshourloch."

"Troth, Laird, and there was muckle want o' you, and the like o' you; for there was a whin bonnie lasses there, forbye mysell, and deil ane to gie them hansels."

"Weel, Meg, and how mony gypsies were sent to the tolbooth?"

"Troth, but three, Laird, for there were

nae mair in the fair, bye mysell as I said before, and I e'en gae them leg bail, for there's nae ease in dealing with quarrelsome folk.—And there's Dunbog has warned the Red Rotten and John Young aff his grounds—black be his cast! he's nae gentleman, nor drap's bluid o' gentleman, wad grudge twa gangrel puir bodies the shelter o' a waste house, and the thristles by the road side for a bit cuddy, and the bits o' rotten birk to boil their drap parridge wi'. Weel, there's ane abune a'—but we'll see if the red cock craw not in his bonnie barn-yard ae morning before day dawing."

"Hush! Meg, hush! hush! that's not safe talk—"

"What does she mean?" said Mannering to Sampson in an under tone.

"Fire-raising," answered the laconic Dominie.

"Who, or what is she, in the name of wonder?"

"Harlot, thief, witch, and gypsey," answered Sampson again.

"O troth, Laird," continued Meg, during this bye-talk, "it's but to the like o' you ane can open their heart; ye see, they say Dunbog is nae mair a gentleman than the blunker that's biggit the bonnie house down in the howm. But the like o' you, Laird, that's a real gentleman for sae mony hundred years, and never hounds puir folk off your ground as if they were mad tykes, nane o' our fowk wad stir your gear if ye had as mony capons as there's leaves on the trysting-tree.—And now some o' ye maun lay down your watch, and tell me the very minute o' the hour the wean's born, and I'll spae its fortune."

"Aye, but, Meg, we shall not want your assistance, for here's a student from Oxford that knows much better than you how to spae his fortune—he does it by the stars."

"Certainly, sir," said Mannering, entering into the simple humour of his land-

lord, " I will calculate his nativity according to the rule of the Triplicities, as recommended by Pythagoras, Hippocrates, Diocles, and Avicenna. Or I will begin *ab hora questionis*, as Haly, Messahala, Ganwehis, and Guido Bonatus, have recommended."

One of Sampson's great recommendations to the favour of Mr Bertram was, that he never detected the most gross attempt at imposition, so that the Laird, whose humble efforts at jocularity were chiefly confined to what was then called *bites* and *bams*, since denominated *hoaxes* and *quizzes*, had the fairest possible subject of wit in the unsuspecting Dominie. It is true, he never laughed, or joined in the laugh which his own simplicity afforded—nay it is said, he never laughed but once in his life, and upon that memorable occasion his landlady miscarried, partly through surprise at the event itself, and partly from terror at the hideous grimaces which attended this unusual cachinnation. The only effect

which the discovery of such impositions produced upon this saturnine personage was, to extort an ejaculation of "Prodigious!" or "Very facetious!" pronounced syllabically, but without moving a muscle of his own countenance.

Upon this occasion, he turned a gaunt and ghastly stare upon the youthful astrologer, and seemed to doubt if he had rightly understood his answer to his patron.

"I am afraid, sir," said Mannering, turning towards him, "you may be one of those unhappy persons, whose dim eyes being unable to penetrate the starry spheres, and to discern therein the decrees of heaven at a distance, have their hearts barred against conviction by prejudice and misprision."

"Truly," said Sampson, "I opine with Sir Isaac Newton, Knight, and umwhile master of his majesty's mint, that the (pretended) science of astrology is altogether vain, frivolous, and unsatisfactory." And here he reposed his oracular jaws.

"Really," resumed the traveller, "I am sorry to see a gentleman of your learning and gravity labouring under such strange blindness and delusion. Will you place the brief, the modern, and, as I may say, the vernacular name of Isaac Newton in opposition to the grave and sonorous authorities of Dariot, Bonatus, Ptolemy, Haly, Eztler, Dietirick, Naibod, Harfurt, Zael, Taustettor, Agrippa, Duretus, Maginus, Origen, and Argol? Do not Christians and Heathens, and Jews and Gentiles, and poets and philosophers, unite in allowing the starry influences?"

"Communis error—it is a general mistake," answered the inflexible Dominie Sampson.

"Not so," replied the young Englishman, "it is a general and well-grounded belief."

"It is the resource of cheaters, knaves, and cozeners," said Sampson.

"*Abusus non tollit usum.* The abuse of

any thing doth not abrogate the lawful use thereof."

During this discussion, Ellangowan was somewhat like a woodcock caught in his own springe. He turned his face alternately from the one spokesman to the other, and began, from the gravity with which Mannering plied his adversary, and the learning which he displayed in the controversy, to give him credit for being half serious. As for Meg, she fixed her bewildered eyes upon the astrologer, overpowered by a jargon more mysterious than her own.

Mannering pressed his advantage, and ran over all the hard terms of art which a tenacious memory supplied, and which, from circumstances hereafter to be noticed, had been familiar to him in early youth.

Signs and planets, in aspects sextile, quartile, trine, conjoined or opposite; houses of heaven, with their cusps, hours, and minutes; Almuten, Almochoden, An-

ahibazon, Catahibazon; a thousand terms of equal sound and significance, poured thick and threefold upon the unshrinking Dominie, whose stubborn incredulity bore him out against the pelting of this pitiless storm.

At length, the joyful annunciation that the lady had presented her husband with a fine boy, and was (of course) as well as could be expected, broke off this intercourse. Mr Bertram hastened to the lady's apartment, Meg Merrilies descended to the kitchen to secure her share of the "groaning malt," and Mannering, after looking his watch, and noting, with great minuteness, the hour and minute of the birth, requested, with becoming gravity, that the Dominie would conduct him to some place where he might have a view of the heavenly bodies.

The schoolmaster, without further answer, rose and threw open a door half sashed with glass, which led to an old-fashioned terrace-walk behind the modern

house, communicating with the platform on which the ruins of the ancient castle were situated. The wind had arisen, and swept before it the clouds which had formerly obscured the sky. The moon was high, and at full, and all the lesser satellites of heaven shone forth in cloudless effulgence. The scene which their light presented to Mannering was in the highest degree unexpected and striking.

We have observed, that in the latter part of his journey our traveller approached the sea-shore, without being aware how nearly. He now perceived that the ruins of Ellangowan castle were situated upon a promontory, or projection of rock, which formed one side of a small and placid bay on the sea-shore. The modern mansion was situated lower, though closely adjoining, and the ground behind it descended to the sea by a small swelling green bank, divided into levels by natural terraces, on which grew some old trees, and terminating upon the white sand. The other side

of the bay, opposite to the old castle, was a sloping and varied promontory, covered chiefly with copsewood, which on that favoured coast grows almost within water-mark. A fisherman's cottage peeped from among the trees. Even at this dead hour of night there were lights moving upon the shore, probably occasioned by the unloading a smuggling lugger from the Isle of Man, which was lying in the bay. On the light being observed from the sashed door of the house, a halloo from the vessel of "Ware-hawk! Douse the glim!" alarmed those who were on shore, and the lights instantly disappeared.

It was one hour after midnight, and the prospect around was lovely. The grey old towers of the ruin, partly entire, partly broken, here bearing the rusty weather-stains of ages, and there partially mantled with ivy, stretched along the verge of the dark rock which rose on Mannering's right hand. In his front was

the quiet bay, whose little waves, crisping and sparkling to the moon-beams, rolled successively along its surface, and dashed with a soft and murmuring ripple against the silvery beach. To the left the woods advanced far into the ocean, waving in the moonlight along ground of an undulating and varied form, and presenting those varieties of light and shade, and that interesting combination of glade and thicket, upon which the eye delights to rest, charmed with what it sees, yet curious to pierce still deeper into the intricacies of the woodland scenery. Above rolled the planets, each, by its own liquid orbit of light, distinguished from the inferior or more distant stars. So strangely can imagination deceive even those by whose volition it has been excited, that Mannering, while gazing upon these brilliant bodies, was half inclined to believe in the influence ascribed to them by superstition over human events. But Mannering was

a youthful lover, and might perhaps be influenced by the feelings so exquisitely expressed by a modern poet:

"For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits, and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountains,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanish'd.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend, and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair."

Such musings soon gave way to others.

"Alas!" he thought, "my good old tutor, who used to enter so deep into the controversy between Heydon and Chambers on the subject of astrology, he would have looked upon this scene with other eyes, and would have seriously endeavoured to discover from the respective position of these luminaries their probable effects upon the destiny of the new-born infant, as if the courses or emanations of the stars superseded, or, at least, were co-ordinate with Divine Providence. Well, rest be with him! he instilled into me enough of knowledge for erecting a scheme of nativity, and therefore will I presently go about it." So saying, and having noted the position of the principal planetary bodies, Guy Mannering returned to the house. The Laird met him in the parlour, and, acquainting him, with great glee, that he was the father of a healthy boy, seemed rather disposed to press further conviviality. He admitted, however, Mannering's

plea of weariness, and conducting him to his sleeping apartment, left him to repose for the evening.

CHAPTER IV.

Come and see! trust thine own eyes,
A fearful sign stands in the house of life,
An enemy; a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet—O be warned.

COLERIDGE, FROM SCHILLER.

THE belief in astrology was almost universal in the middle of the seventeenth century; it began to waver and become doubtful towards the close of that period, and in the beginning of the eighteenth the art fell into general disrepute, and even under general ridicule. Yet it still had its partizans even in the seats of learning. Grave and studious men were loth to relinquish the calculations which had early become the principal objects of their studies, and felt reluctant to descend from the predominating height to which a supposed insight into futurity, by the power of con-

sulting abstract influences and conjunctions, had exalted them over the rest of mankind.

Among those who cherished this imaginary privilege with undoubting faith, was an old clergyman, with whom Mannering was placed during his youth. He wasted his eyes in observing the stars, and his brains in calculations upon their various combinations. His pupil, in early youth, naturally caught some portion of his enthusiasm, and laboured for a time to make himself master of the technical process of astrological research; so that, before he became convinced of its absurdity, William Lilly himself would have allowed him "a curious fancy and piercing judgment upon resolving a question of nativity."

Upon the present occasion, he arose as early in the morning as the shortness of the day permitted, and proceeded to calculate the nativity of the young heir of Ellangowan. He undertook the task *se-*

cundum artem, as well to keep up appearances, as from a sort of curiosity to know whether he yet remembered, and could practise, the imaginary science. He accordingly erected his scheme, or figure of heaven, divided into its twelve houses, placed the planets therein according to the Ephemeris, and rectified their position to the hour and moment of the nativity. Without troubling our readers with the general prognostications which judicial astrology would have inferred from these circumstances, in this diagram there was one significator, which pressed remarkably upon our astrologer's attention. Mars having dignity in the cusp of the twelfth house, threatened captivity, or sudden and violent death, to the native; and Mannering, having recourse to those further rules by which diviners pretended to ascertain the vehemency of this evil direction, observed, from the result, that three periods would be particularly hazardous—his *fifth*—his *tenth*—his *twenty-first* year.

It was somewhat remarkable, that Mannering had once before tried a similar piece of foolery, at the instance of Sophia Wellwood, the young lady to whom he was attached, and that a similar conjunction of planetary influence threatened her with death, or imprisonment, in her thirty-ninth year. She was at this time eighteen; so that, according to the result of the scheme in both cases, the same year threatened her with the same misfortune that was presaged to the native or infant, whom that night had introduced into the world. Struck with this coincidence, Mannering repeated his calculations; and the result approximated the events predicted, until, at length, the same month, and day of the month, seemed assigned as the period of peril to both.

It will be readily believed, that, in mentioning this circumstance, we lay no weight whatever upon the pretended information thus conveyed. But it often happens, such is our natural love for the marvellous,

that we willingly contribute our own efforts to beguile our better judgments. Whether the coincidence which I have mentioned was really one of those singular chances, which sometimes happen against all ordinary calculations; or whether Mannering, bewildered amid the arithmetical labyrinth and technical jargon of astrology, had insensibly twice followed the same clue to guide him out of the maze; or whether his imagination, seduced by some point of apparent resemblance, lent its aid to make the similitude between the two operations more exactly accurate than it might otherwise have been, it is impossible to guess; but the impression upon his mind, that the results exactly corresponded, was vividly and indelibly strong.

He could not help feeling surprise at a coincidence so singular and unexpected. "Does the devil mingle in the dance, to avenge himself for our trifling with an art said to be of magical origin? Or is it

possible, as Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne admit, that there is some truth in a sober and regulated astrology, and that the influence of the stars is not to be denied, though the due application of it, by the knaves who pretend to practise the art, is greatly to be suspected?"—A moment's consideration of the subject induced him to dismiss this opinion as fantastical, and only sanctioned by these learned men, either because they durst not at once shock the universal prejudices of their age, or because they themselves were not altogether freed from the contagious influence of a prevailing superstition. Yet the result of his calculations in these two instances left so unpleasing an impression upon his mind, that, like Prospero, he mentally relinquished his art, and resolved, neither in jest nor earnest, again to practise judicial astrology.

He hesitated a good deal, what he should say to the Laird of Ellangowan, concerning the horoscope of his first-born; and,

at length, resolved plainly to tell him the judgment which he had formed, at the same time acquainting him with the futility of the rules of art on which he had proceeded. With this resolution he walked out upon the terrace.

If the view of the scene around Ellangowan had been pleasing by moonlight, it lost none of its beauty by the light of the morning sun. The land, even in the month of November, smiled under its influence. A steep, but regular ascent, led from the terrace to the neighbouring eminence, and conducted Mannering to the front of the old castle. It consisted of two massive round towers, projecting, deeply and darkly, before a curtain, or flat wall, which united them, and thus protecting the main entrance that opened through a lofty arch into the inner court of the castle. The arms of the family, carved in freestone, frowned over the gateway, and the portal shewed the spaces arranged by the architect for lowering the port-cullis, and raising the

draw-bridge. A rude farm-gate, made of young fir-trees nailed together, now formed the only safeguard of this once formidable entrance. The esplanade in front of the castle commanded a noble prospect.

The dreary scene of desolation through which Mannering's road had lain on the preceding evening was excluded from the view by some rising grounds, and the landscape shewed a pleasing alternation of hill and dale, intersected by a river, which was in some places visible, and hidden in others where it rolled betwixt deep and wooded banks. The spire of a church, and the appearance of some houses, indicated the situation of a village at the place where the stream had its junction with the ocean. The vales seemed well cultivated, the little enclosures into which they were divided skirting the bottom of the hills, and sometimes carrying their lines of straggling hedgerows a little way up the ascent. Above these were green pastures, tenanted chiefly by herds of black cattle, then the staple

commodity of the country, whose distant low gave no unpleasing animation to the landscape. The remoter hills were of a sterner character; and, at still greater distance, swelled into mountains of dark heath, bordering the horizon with a screen which gave a defined and limited boundary to the cultivated country, and added, at the same time, the pleasing idea, that it was sequestered and solitary. The sea-coast, which Mannering now saw in its extent, corresponded in variety and beauty with the inland view. In some places it rose into tall rocks, frequently crowned with the ruins of old buildings, towers, or beacons, which, according to tradition, were placed within sight of each other, that, in times of invasion or civil war, they might communicate by signal for mutual defence and protection. Ellangowan castle was by far the most extensive and important of these ruins, and asserted from size and situation the superiority which its founders were said

once to have possessed among the chiefs and nobles of the district. In other places, the shore was of a more gentle description, indented with small bays, where the land sloped smoothly down, or sent into the sea promontories covered with wood.

A scene so different from what last night's journey had presaged, produced a proportional effect upon Mannering. Beneath his eye lay the modern house; an awkward mansion, indeed, in point of architecture, but well situated, and with a warm and pleasant exposure. "How happily," thought our hero, "would life glide on in such a retirement! On the one hand the striking remnants of ancient grandeur, with the secret consciousness of family pride which they inspire; on the other, enough of modern elegance and comfort to satisfy every moderate wish. Here then, and with thee, Sophia!"—

We will not pursue a lover's day-dream any farther. Mannering stood a minute

with his arms folded, and then turned to the ruined castle.

Upon entering the gateway, he found that the rude magnificence of the inner court amply corresponded with the grandeur of the exterior. On the one side ran a range of windows lofty and large, divided by carved mullions of stone, which had once lighted the great hall of the castle; on the other were various buildings of different heights and dates, yet so united as to present to the eye a certain general effect of uniformity of front. The doors and windows were ornamented with projections exhibiting rude specimens of sculpture and tracery, partly entire and partly broken down, partly covered by ivy and trailing plants, which grew luxuriantly among the ruins. That end of the court which faced the entrance had also been formerly closed by a range of buildings; but owing, it was said, to its having been battered by the ships of the Parliament under Deane, during the long civil

war, this part of the castle was much more ruinous than the rest, and exhibited a great chasm, through which Mannering could observe the sea, and the little vessel (an armed lugger) which retained her station in the centre of the bay. While Mannering was gazing round the ruins, he heard from the interior of an apartment on the left hand the voice of the gypsey he had seen on the preceding evening. He soon found an aperture, through which he could observe her without being himself visible; and could not help feeling, that her figure, her employment, and her situation, conveyed the exact impression of an ancient sybil.

She sat upon a broken corner-stone in the angle of a paved apartment, part of which she had swept clean to afford a smooth space for the evolutions of her spindle. A strong sunbeam, through a lofty and narrow window, fell upon her wild dress and features, and afforded her light for her occupation; the rest of the apart-

ment was very gloomy. Equipt in a habit which mingled the national dress of the Scottish common people with something of an eastern costume, she spun a thread, drawn from wool of three different colours, black, white, and grey, by assistance of those ancient implements of housewifery now almost banished from the land, the distaff and spindle. As she spun, she sung what seemed to be a charm. Mannering, after in vain attempting to make himself master of the exact words of her song, afterwards attempted the following paraphrase of what, from a few intelligible phrases, he concluded was its purport:

Twist ye, twine ye! even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild, and follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain;
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle.
Twist ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle human bliss and woe.

Ere our translator, or rather our free imitator, had arranged these stanzas in his head, and while he was yet hammering out a rhyme for *spindle*, the task of the sybil was accomplished, or her wool was expended. She took the spindle, now charged with her labours, and, undoing the thread gradually, measured it, by casting it over her elbow, and bringing each loop round between her fore finger and thumb. When she had measured it out, she muttered to herself—" A hank, but not a haill ane—the full years o' the three score and ten, but thrice broken, and

thrice to *oop*, (i. e. unite); he'll be a lucky lad an he win through wi't."

Our hero was about to speak to the prophetess, when a voice, hoarse as the waves with which it mingled, halloo'd twice, and with increasing impatience—"Meg, Meg Merrilies!—Gypsey—hag—tousand deyvils!"

"I am coming, I am coming, captain," answered Meg, and in a moment or two the impatient Commander whom she addressed made his appearance from the broken part of the ruins.

He was apparently a seafaring man, rather under the middle size, and with a countenance bronzed by a thousand conflicts with the north-east wind. His frame was prodigiously muscular, strong, and thick-set; so that it seemed as if a man of much greater height would have been an inadequate match in any close personal conflict. He was hard-favoured, and, which was worse, his face bore nothing of the *insouciance*, the careless frolicsome jollity

and vacant curiosity of a sailor on shore. These qualities, perhaps, as much as any others, contribute to the high popularity of our seamen, and the general good inclination which our society expresses towards them. Their gallantry, courage, and hardihood are qualities which excite reverence, and perhaps rather humble pacific landsmen in their presence; and neither respect, nor a sense of humiliation, are feelings easily combined with a familiar fondness towards those who inspire them. But the boyish frolics, the exulting high spirits, the unreflecting mirth of a sailor when enjoying himself on shore, temper the more formidable points of his character. There was nothing like these in this man's face; on the contrary, a surly and even savage scowl appeared to darken features which would have been harsh and unpleasant under any expression or modification. "Where are you, Mother Deyvilson?" said he, with somewhat of a foreign accent, though speaking perfectly

good English. "Donner and blitzen! we have been staying this half hour—Come, bless the good ship and the voyage, and be cursed to ye, for a hag of Satan!"

At this moment he noticed Mannering, who, from the position which he had taken to watch Meg Merrilies's incantations, had the appearance of some one who was concealing himself, being half hidden by the buttress behind which he stood. The captain, for such he stiled himself, made a sudden and startled pause, and thrust his right hand into his bosom between his jacket and waistcoat, as if to draw some weapon. "What cheer, brother? you seem on the outlook—eh?"

Ere Mannering, somewhat struck by the man's gesture and insolent tone of voice, had made any answer, the gypsey emerged from her vault and joined the stranger. He questioned her in an under tone, looking at Mannering—"A shark alongside; eh?"

She answered in the same tone of under

dialogue, using the canting language of her tribe—"Cut ben whids, and stow them—a gentry cove of the ken."

The fellow's cloudy visage cleared up. "The top of the morning to you, sir; I find you are a visitor of my friend Mr Bertram—I beg pardon, but I took you for another sort of a person."

Mannering replied, "And you, sir, I presume, are the master of that vessel in the bay?"

"Aye, aye, sir; I am Captain Dirk Hatteraick, of the Yungfrauw Hagenslaapen, well known on this coast; I am not ashamed of my name, nor of my vessel,—nor of my cargo neither for that matter."

"I dare say you have no reason, sir."

"Tousend donner—no; I'm all in the way of fair trade—Just loaded yonder at Douglas, in the Isle of Man—neat coniac—real hyson and souchong—Mechlin lace, if you want any—We bumped ashore a hundred kegs last night."

"Really, sir, I am only a traveller, and

have no sort of occasion for any thing of the kind at present."

"Why, then, good morning to you, for business must be minded—unless ye'll go aboard and take schnaps—you shall have a pouch-full of tea ashore—Dirk Hatteraick knows how to be civil."

There was a mixture of impudence, hardihood, and suspicious fear about this man, which was inexpressibly disgusting. His manners were those of a ruffian, conscious of the suspicion attending his character, yet aiming to bear it down by the affectation of a careless and hardy familiarity. Mannering briefly rejected his proffered civilities; and, after a surly good morning, he retired with the gypsey to that part of the ruins from which he had first made his appearance. A very narrow staircase here descended to the beach, intended probably for the convenience of the garrison during a siege. By this stair, the couple, equally amiable in appearance, and respectable by profession, descended to the

sea-side. The soi-disant captain embarked in a small boat with two men who appeared to wait for him, and the gypsey remained on the shore, reciting or singing, and gesticulating with great vehemence.

CHAPTER V.

——You have fed upon my seignories,
Disparked my parks, and felled my forest woods,
From mine own windows torn my household coat,
Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.

RICHARD II.

WHEN the boat which carried the worthy Captain on board his vessel had accomplished that task, the sails began to ascend, and the ship was got under way. She fired three guns as a salute to the house of Ellangowan, and then shot away rapidly before the wind, which blew off shore, under all the sail she could crowd.

"Aye, aye," said the Laird, who had sought Mannering for some time, and now joined him, "there they go—there go the free-traders—there goes Captain Dirk Hatteraick, and the Yungfrauw Ha-

genslaapen, half Manks, half Dutchman, half devil! run out the boltsprit, up mainsail, top and top gallant sails, royals, and skyscrapers, and away—follow who can! That fellow, Mr Mannering, is the terror of all the excise and custom-house cruisers; they can make nothing of him; he drubs them, or he distances them;—and, speaking of excise, I come to bring you to breakfast; and you shall have some tea, that"——

Mannering, by this time, was aware that one thought linked strangely on to another in the concatenation of worthy Mr Bertram's ideas,

"Like orient pearls at random strung;"

and, therefore, before the current of his associations had drifted farther from the point he had left, he brought him back by some enquiry about Dirk Hatteraick.

"O he's a—a—good sort of blackguard fellow enough—no one cares to trouble him—smuggler, when his guns are in bal-

last—privateer, or pirate faith, when he gets them mounted. He has done more mischief to the revenue folk than any rogue that ever came out of Ramsay."

"But, my good sir, such being his character, I wonder he has any protection and encouragement on this coast?"

"Why, Mr Mannering, people must have brandy and tea, and there's none in the country but what comes this way—and then there's short accounts, and maybe a keg or two, or a dozen pounds left at your stable door at Christmas, instead of a d—d lang account from Duncan Robb, the grocer at Kippletringan, who has aye a sum to make up, and either wants ready money, or a short-dated bill. Now, Hatteraick will take wood, or he'll take barley, or he'll take just what's convenient at the time. I'll tell you a good story about that. There was ance a laird—that's Macfie of Gudgeonford,—he had a great number of kain hens—that's hens that the tenant pay to the landlord—like a sort of

rent in kind—they aye feed mine very ill; Luckie Finniston sent up three that were a shame to be seen only last week, and yet she has twelve bows sowing of victual; indeed her goodman, Duncan Finniston—that's him that's gone—(we must all die, Mr Mannering; that's ower true)—and, speaking of that, let us live in the meanwhile, for here's breakfast on the table, and the Dominie ready to say grace."

The Dominie did accordingly pronounce a benediction, that exceeded in length any speech which Mannering had yet heard him utter. The tea, which of course belonged to the noble Captain Hatteraick's trade, was pronounced excellent. Still Mannering hinted, though with due delicacy, at the risk of encouraging such desperate characters: "Were it but in justice to the revenue, I should have supposed"——

"Ah, the revenue-lads"—for Mr Bertram never embraced a general or abstract idea, and his notion of the revenue was

personified in the commissioners, surveyors, comptrollers, and ridingofficers, whom he happened to know—" the revenue-lads can look sharp enough out for themselves—no one needs to help them—and they have all the soldiers to assist them besides—and as to justice—you'll be surprised to hear it, Mr Mannering;—but I am not a justice of peace?"

Mannering assumed the expected look of surprise, but thought within himself, that the worshipful bench suffered no great deprivation from wanting the assistance of his good-humoured landlord. Mr Bertram had now hit upon one of the few subjects on which he felt sore, and went on with some energy.

" No, sir,—the name of Godfrey Bertram of Ellangowan is *not* in the last commission, though there's scarce a carle in the country that has a plough-gate of land, but what he must ride to quarter sessions, and write J. P. after his name. I ken full well who I am obliged to—Sir Thomas Kit-

tlecourt as good as told me he would sit in my skirts, if he had not my interest at the last election, and because I chose to go with my own blood and third cousin, the Laird of Balruddery, they keepit me off the roll of freeholders, and now there comes a new nomination of justices, and I am left out—and whereas they pretend it was because I let David MacGuffog, the constable, draw the warrants, and manage the business his own gate, as if I had been a nose o' wax, it's a main untruth; for I granted but seven warrants in my life, and the Dominie wrote every one of them—and if it had not been that unlucky business of Sandy MacGruthar's, that the constables should have keepit two or three days up yonder at the auld castle, just till they could get conveniency to send him to the county jail—and that cost me aneugh of siller—But I ken what Sir Thomas wants very well—it was just sick and sicklike about the seat in the kirk of Kilmagirdle—was I not enti-

tled to have the front gallery facing the minister, rather than MacCrosskie of Creochstone, the son of deacon MacCrosskie the Dumfries weaver?"

Mannering expressed his acquiescence in the justice of those various complaints.

"And then, Mr Mannering, there was the story about the road, and the fauld dike—I ken Sir Thomas was behind there, and I said plainly to the clerk to the trustees that I saw the cloven foot, let them take that as they like—would any gentleman, or set of gentlemen, go and drive a road right through the corner of a fauld-dike, and take away, as my agent observed to them, like two roods of good moorland pasture?—And there was the story about chusing the collector of the cess"—

"Certainly, sir, it is hard you should meet with any neglect in a country, where, to judge from the extent of their residence, your ancestors must have made a very important figure."

"Very true, Mr Mannering—I am a

plain man, and do not dwell on these things; and I must needs say, I have little memory for them; but I wish you could have heard my father's stories about the old fights of the MacDingawaies—that's the Bertrams that now is—wi' the Irish, and wi' the Highlanders, that came here in their berlings from Ilay and Cantire—and how they went to the Holy Land—that is, to Jerusalem and Jericho, wi' a' their clan at their heels—they had better have gaen to Jamaica, like Sir Thomas Kittlecourt's uncle—and how they brought home reliques, like those that catholics have, and a flag that's up yonder in the garret—if they had been casks of Muscavado, and puncheons of rum, it would have been better for the estate at this day—but there's little comparison between the auld keep at Kittlecourt and the castle of Ellangowan—I doubt if the keep's forty feet of front—But ye make no breakfast, Mr Mannering; ye're no eating your meat; allow me to recommend some of

the kipper—It was John Hay that catched it Saturday was three weeks down at the stream below Hempseed ford," &c. &c. &c.

The Laird, whose indignation had for some time kept him pretty steady to one topic, now launched forth into his usual roving stile of conversation, which gave Mannering ample time to reflect upon the disadvantages attending the situation, which, an hour before, he had thought worthy of so much envy. Here was a country gentleman, whose most estimable quality seemed his perfect good nature, secretly fretting himself and murmuring against others for causes which, compared with any real evil in life, must weigh like dust in the balance; but such is the equal distribution of Providence. To those who lie out of the road of great afflictions, are assigned petty vexations, which answer all the purpose of disturbing their serenity; and every reader must have observed, that neither natural apathy nor acquired philosophy can render country gen-

tlemen insensible to the grievances which occur at elections, quarter sessions, and meetings of trustees.

Curious to investigate the manners of the country, Mannering took the advantage of a pause in good Mr Bertram's string of stories, to enquire what Captain Hatteraick so earnestly wanted with the gypsey woman.

"O to bless his ship, I suppose—you must know, Mr Mannering, that these free-traders, whom the law calls smugglers, having no religion, make it all up in superstition, and they have as many spells, and charms, and nonsense"——

"Vanity and waur," said the Dominie, "it is a trafficking with the Evil One. Spells periapts, and charms, are of his device—choice arrows out of Apollyon's quiver."

"Hold your peace, Dominie—you're speaking for ever—(by the way it was the first words the poor man had uttered that morning, excepting that he said grace, and returned thanks) Mr Mannering can-

not get in a word for you—and so, Mr Mannering, talking of astronomy, and spells, and these matters, have you been so kind as to consider what we were speaking about last night?"

"I begin to think, Mr Bertram, with your worthy friend here, that I have been rather jesting with edge-tools; and although neither you nor I, nor any sensible man, can put faith in the predictions of astrology, yet, as it has sometimes happened that enquiries into futurity undertaken in jest, have in their results produced serious and unpleasant effects both upon actions and characters, I wish you would dispense with my replying to your question."

It was easy to see that this evasive answer only rendered the Laird's curiosity more uncontroulable. Mannering, however, was determined in his own mind, not to expose the infant to the inconveniences which might have arisen from his being supposed the object of evil predic-

tion. He therefore delivered the paper into Mr Bertram's hand, and requested him to keep it for five years with the seal unbroken, until the month of November was expired. After that date had intervened, he left him at liberty to examine the writing, trusting that the first fatal period being then safely over-passed, no credit would be paid to its further contents. This Mr Bertram was content to promise, and Mannering, to ensure his fidelity, hinted at misfortunes which would certainly take place if his injunctions were neglected. The rest of the day, which Mannering by Mr Bertram's invitation spent at Ellangowan, past over without any thing remarkable, and on the morning of that which followed, the traveller mounted his palfrey, bade a courteous adieu to his hospitable landlord, and to his clerical attendant, repeated his good wishes for the prosperity of the family; then, turning his horse's head towards England, disappeared from the sight of the inmates of Ellan-

gowan. He must also disappear from that of our readers, for it is to another and later period of his life that the present narrative relates.

CHAPTER VI.

——Next the Justice,
With fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws, and modern instances :
And so he plays his part.——

When Mrs Bertram of Ellangowan was able to hear the news of what had passed during her confinement, her apartment rung with all manner of gossiping respecting the handsome young student from Oxford, who had told such a fortune by the stars to the young Laird, "blessings on his dainty face." The form, accent, and manners, of the stranger, were expatiated upon. His horse, bridle, saddle, and stirrups, did not remain unnoticed. All this made a great impression upon the mind of Mrs Bertram, for the good lady had no small store of superstition.

Her first employment, when she became capable of a little work, was to make a small velvet bag for the scheme of nativity which she had obtained from her husband. Her fingers itched to break the seal, but credulity proved stronger than curiosity, and she had the firmness to inclose it, in all its integrity, within two slips of parchment, which she sowed round it, to prevent its being chafed. The whole was then enclosed in the velvet bag aforesaid, and hung as a charm round the neck of the infant, where his mother resolved it should remain until the period for the legitimate satisfaction of her curiosity should arrive.

The father also resolved to do his part by the child, in securing him a good education; and with the view that it should commence with the first dawnings of reason, Dominie Sampson was easily induced to renounce his public profession of parish schoolmaster, make his constant residence at the Place, and, in consideration of a sum

not quite equal to the wages of a footman even at that time, to undertake to communicate to the future Laird of Ellangowan all the erudition which he had, and all the graces and accomplishments which—he had not indeed, but which he had never discovered that he wanted. In this arrangement, also, the Laird found his private advantage; securing the constant benefit of a patient auditor to whom he told his stories when they were alone, and at whose expence he could break a sly jest when he had company.

About four years after this time, a great commotion took place in the country where Ellangowan is situated.

Those who watched the signs of the times, had long been of opinion that a change of ministry was about to take place; and, at length, after a due proportion of hopes, fears, and delays, rumours from good authority, and bad authority, and no authority at all, after some clubs had drank Up with this statesman, and

others Down with him; after riding and running, and posting, and addressing, and counter addressing, and proffers of lives and fortunes, the blow was at length struck, the administration of the day was dissolved, and parliament, as a natural consequence, was dissolved also.

Sir Thomas Kittlecourt, like other members in the same situation, posted down to his county, and met but an indifferent reception. He was a partizan of the old administration; and the friends of the new had already set about an active canvass in behalf of John Featherhead, Esq. who kept the best hounds and hunters in the shire. Among others who joined the standard of revolt was Gilbert Glossin, writer in ——, agent for the Laird of Ellangowan. This honest gentleman had either been refused some favour by the old member, or, what is equally likely, he had got all that he had the most distant pretension to ask, and could only look to the other side for fresh advancement. Mr Glossin had a

vote upon Ellangowan's property, as has been before observed; and he was now determined that his patron should have one also, as there was no doubt which side Mr Bertram would embrace in the contest. He easily persuaded Ellangowan, that it would be creditable to him to take the field at the head of as strong a party as possible; and immediately went to work, making votes, as every Scottish lawyer knows how, by splitting and subdividing the superiorities upon this ancient and once powerful barony. These were so extensive, that, by dint of clipping and paring here, adding and eiking there, and creating over-lords upon all the estate which Bertram held of the crown, they advanced, upon the day of contest, at the head of ten as good men of parchment as ever took the oath of trust and possession. This strong reinforcement turned the dubious day of battle. The principal and his agent divided the honour; the reward fell to the latter exclusively. Mr

Gilbert Glossin was made clerk of the peace, and Godfrey Bertram had his name inserted in a new commission of justices, issued immediately upon the sitting of the parliament.

This had been the summit of Mr Bertram's ambition; not that he liked either the trouble or the responsibility of the office, but he thought it was a dignity to which he was well entitled, and that it had been withheld from him by malice prepense. But there is an old and true Scotch proverb, "Fools should not have chapping sticks;" that is, weapons of offence. Mr Bertram was no sooner possessed of the judicial authority which he had so much longed for, than he began to exercise it with more severity than mercy, and totally belied all the opinions which had hitherto been formed of his inert good-nature. We have read somewhere of a justice of peace, who, upon being nominated in the commission, wrote a letter to a bookseller for the statutes respecting

his official duty, in the following orthography,—"Please send the ax relating to a gustus pease." No doubt, when this learned gentleman had possessed himself of the axe, he hewed the laws with it to some purpose. Mr Bertram was not quite so ignorant of English grammar as his worshipful predecessor; but Augustus Pease himself could not have used more indiscriminately the weapon unwarily put into his hand.

In good earnest, he considered the commission with which he had been entrusted as a personal mark of favour from his sovereign; forgetting that he had formerly thought his being deprived of a privilege, or honour, common to those of his rank, was the result of mere party cabal. He commanded his trusty aid-de-camp, Dominie Sampson, to read aloud the commission; and at the first words, "The king has been pleased to appoint"—"Pleased!" exclaimed he, in a transport of gratitude;

"Honest gentleman! I'm sure he cannot be better pleased than I am."

Accordingly, unwilling to confine his gratitude to mere feelings, or verbal expressions, he gave full current to the new-born zeal of office, and endeavoured to express his sense of the honour conferred upon him, by an unmitigated activity in the discharge of his duty. New brooms, it is said, sweep clean; and I myself can bear witness, that, upon the arrival of a new housemaid, the ancient, hereditary, and domestic spiders, who have spun their webs over the lower division of my book-shelves, (consisting chiefly of law and divinity,) during the peaceful reign of her predecessor, fly at full speed before the unexpected inroads of the new mercenary. Even so the Laird of Ellangowan ruthlessly commenced his magisterial reform, at the expence of various established and superannuated pickers and stealers, who had been his neighbours for half a century. He wrought his miracles like a

second Duke Humphrey; and, by the influence of the beadle's rod, caused the lame to walk, the blind to see, and the palsied to labour. He detected poachers, black-fishers, orchard-breakers, and pigeon-shooters; had the applause of the bench for his reward, and the public credit of an active magistrate.

All this good had its rateable proportion of evil. Even an admitted nuisance, of ancient standing, should not be abated without some caution. The zeal of our worthy friend now involved in great distress sundry personages, whose idle and mendicant habits his own *lachesse* had contributed to foster, until these habits had become irreclaimable, or whose real incapacity of exertion rendered them fit objects, in their own phrase, for the charity of all well-disposed Christians. The "long-remembered beggar," who for twenty years had made his regular round within the neighbourhood, received rather as an humble friend than as an object

of charity, was sent to the neighbouring workhouse. The decrepid dame, who travelled round the parish upon a hand-barrow, circulating from house to house like a bad shilling, which every one is in haste to pass upon his neighbour; she, who used to call for her bearers as loud, or louder, than a traveller demands post-horses, even she shared the same disastrous fate. The "daft Jock," who, half knave, half idiot, had been the sport of each succeeding race of village children for a good part of a century, was remitted to the county bridewell, where, secluded from free air and sunshine, the only advantages he was capable of enjoying, he pined and died in the course of six months. The old sailor, who had so long rejoiced the smoky rafters of every kitchen in the country, by singing *Captain Ward*, and *Bold Admiral Benbow*, was banished from the county for no better reason, than that he was supposed to speak with a strong Irish accent. Even the annual rounds of the pedlar were abolish-

ed by the Justice, in his hasty zeal for the administration of rural police.

These things did not pass without notice and censure. We are not made of wood or stone, and the things which connect themselves with our hearts and habits cannot, like bark or lichen, be rent away without our missing them. The farmer's dame lacked her usual share of intelligence, perhaps also the self-applause which she had felt while distributing the *awmous* (alms,) in shape of a *gowpen* (handful) of oatmeal, to the mendicant who brought the news. The cottage felt inconvenience from interruption of the paltry trade carried on by the itinerant dealers. The children had not their sugar-plums and toys; the young women wanted pins, ribbons, combs, and ballads; and the old could no longer barter their eggs for salt, snuff, and tobacco. All these circumstances brought the busy Laird of Ellangowan into discredit, which was more general on account of his former popularity. Even his lineage was

brought up in judgment against him. They thought "naething of what the like of Greenside, or Burnville, or Viewforth, might do, that were strangers in the country; but Ellangowan! that had been a name amang them since the mirk Monanday, and lang before—He to be grinding the poor at that rate!—They ca'd his grandfather the Wicked Laird; but, though he was whiles fractious aneuch, when he got into roving company, and had ta'en the drap drink, he would have scorned to go on at this gate. Na, na, the muckle chimney in the auld Place reeked like a killogie in his time, and there were as mony puir folk riving at the banes in the court, and about the door, as there were gentles in the ha'. And the lady, on ilka Christmas night as it came round, gae twelve siller pennies to ilka puir body about, in honour of the twelve apostles like. They were fond to ca' it papistrie; but I think our great folk might take a lesson frae the papists whiles. They gie another sort o' help to

puir folk than just dinging down a saxpence in the broad on the sabbath, and kilting, and scourging, and drumming them a' the six days o' the week besides."

Such was the gossip over the good twopenny in every ale-house within three or four miles of Ellangowan, that being about the diameter of the orbit in which our friend Godfrey Bertram, Esq. J. P. must be considered as the principal luminary. Still greater scope was given to evil tongues by the removal of a colony of gypsies, with one of whom our reader is somewhat acquainted, and who had for a great many years enjoyed their chief settlement upon the estate of Ellangowan.

CHAPTER VII.

Come, princes of the ragged regiment,
You of the blood! *Prigg*, my most upright lord,
And these, what name or title e'er they bear,
Jarkman, or *Patrico*, *Cranke* or *Clapper-dudgeon*,
Frater or *Abram-man*—I speak of all.——

Beggar's Bush.

ALTHOUGH the character of those gypsy tribes, which formerly inundated most of the nations of Europe, and which in some degree still subsist among them as a distinct people, is generally understood, the reader will pardon my saying a few words respecting their situation in Scotland.

It is well known that the gypsies were, at an early period, acknowledged as a separate and independent race by one of the Scottish monarchs, and that they were less favourably distinguished by a subse-

quent law, which rendered the character of gypsy equal, in the judicial balance, to that of common and habitual thief, and prescribed his punishment accordingly. Notwithstanding the severity of this and other statutes, the fraternity prospered amid the distresses of the country, and received large accessions from among those whom famine, oppression, or the sword of war, had deprived of the ordinary means of subsistence. They lost in a great measure, by this intermixture, the national character of Egyptians, and became a mingled race, having all the idleness and predatory habits of their eastern ancestors, with a ferocity which they probably borrowed from the men of the north who joined their society. They travelled in different bands, and had rules among themselves, by which each tribe was confined to its own district. The slightest invasion of the precincts which had been assigned to another tribe produced desperate skirmishes, in which there was often much blood shed.

The patriotic Fletcher of Saltoun drew a picture of these banditti about a century ago, which my readers will peruse with astonishment.

"There are at this day in Scotland (besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church boxes, with others, who, by living upon bad food, fall into various diseases) two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. These are not only no way advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature; * * * * * *. No magistrate could ever discover, or be informed, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptized. Many mur-

ders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants, (who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them,) but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood. In years of plenty many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country weddings, markets, burials, and other the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both man and woman, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together."

Notwithstanding the deplorable picture presented in this extract, and which Fletcher himself, though the energetic and eloquent friend of freedom, saw no better mode of correcting than by introducing a system of domestic slavery, the progress of time, and increase both of the means of life and of the power of the laws, gradual-

ly reduced this dreadful evil within more narrow bounds. The tribes of gypsies, jockies, or cairds,—for by all these denominations such banditti were known,—became few in number, and many were entirely rooted out. Still, however, enough remained to give occasional alarm and constant vexation. Some rude handicrafts were entirely resigned to these itinerants, particularly the art of trencher-making, of manufacturing horn-spoons, and the whole mystery of the tinker. To these they added a petty trade in the coarse sorts of earthen-ware. Such were their ostensible means of livelihood. Each tribe had usually some fixed place of rendezvous, which they occasionally occupied and considered as their standing camp, and in the vicinity of which they generally abstained from depredation. They had even talents and accomplishments, which made them occasionally useful and entertaining. Many cultivated music with success, and the favourite fiddler or piper of a district

was often to be found in a gypsy town. They understood all out-of-door sports, especially otter-hunting, fishing, or finding game. In winter, the women told fortunes, the men shewed tricks of legerdemain; and these accomplishments often helped away a weary or stormy evening in the circle of the "farmer's ha.'" The wildness of their character, and the indomitable pride with which they despised all regular labour, commanded a certain awe, which was not diminished by the consideration, that these strollers were a vindictive race, and were restrained by no check, either of fear or conscience, from taking desperate vengeance upon those who had offended them. These tribes were, in short, the *Parias* of Scotland, living like wild Indians among European settlers, and, like them, judged of rather by their own customs, habits, and opinions, than as if they had been members of the civilized part of the community. Some hordes of them yet remain, chiefly in such

situations as afford a ready escape either into a waste country, or into another jurisdiction; nor are the features of their character much softened. Their numbers, however, are so greatly diminished, that, instead of one hundred thousand, as calculated by Fletcher, it would now perhaps be impossible to collect above five hundred throughout all Scotland.

A tribe of these itinerants, to whom Meg Merrilies appertained, had long been as stationary as their habits permitted, in a glen upon the estate of Ellangowan. They had there erected a few huts, which they denominated their "city of refuge," and where, when not absent on excursions, they harboured unmolested as the crows that roosted in the old ash-trees around them. They had been such long occupants, that they were considered in some degree as proprietors of the wretched sheelings which they inhabited. This protection they were said anciently to have repaid, by service to the laird in war, or,

more frequently, by infesting and plundering the lands of those neighbouring barons with whom he chanced to be at feud. Latterly, their services were of a more pacific nature. The women spun mittens for the lady, and knitted boot-hose for the laird, which were annually presented at Christmas with great form. The aged sybils blessed the bridal bed of the laird when he married, and the cradle of the heir when born. The men repaired her ladyship's cracked china, and assisted the laird in his sporting parties, wormed his dogs, and cut the ears of his terrier puppies. The children gathered nuts in the woods, and crane-berries in the moss, and mushrooms upon the pastures, for tribute to the Place. These acts of voluntary service, and acknowledgments of dependence, were rewarded by protection on some occasions, connivance upon others, and broken victuals, ale, and brandy, when circumstances called for a display of gene-

rosity; and this mutual intercourse of good offices, which had taken place for at least two centuries, rendered the inhabitants of Derncleugh a kind of privileged retainers upon the estate of Ellangowan. "The knaves" were the Laird's "exceeding good friends;" and he would have deemed himself very ill used, if his countenance could not now and then have borne them out against the law of the country and the local magistrate. But this friendly union was soon to be dissolved.

The community of Derncleugh, who cared for no rogues but their own, were wholly without alarm at the severity of the justice's proceedings towards other itinerants. They had no doubt that he determined to suffer no mendicants or strollers in the country, but what resided on his own property, and practised their trade by his immediate permission, implied or expressed. Nor was Mr Bertram in a hurry to exert his newly-acquired autho-

rity at the expence of these old settlers. But he was driven on by circumstances.

At the quarter sessions, our new justice was publicly upbraided by a gentleman of the opposite party in county politics, that, while he affected a great zeal for the public police, and seemed ambitious of the fame of an active magistrate, he fostered a tribe of the greatest rogues in the country, and permitted them to harbour within a mile of the house of Ellangowan. To this there was no reply, for the fact was too evident and well known. The Laird digested the taunt as he best could, and in his way home amused himself with speculations on the easiest method of ridding himself of those vagrants, who brought a stain upon his fair fame as a magistrate. Just as he had resolved to take the first opportunity of quarrelling with the Parias of Derncleugh, a cause of provocation presented itself.

Since our friend's advancement to be a conservator of the peace, he had caused

the gate at the head of his avenue, which formerly, having only one hinge, remained at all times hospitably open—he had caused this gate, I say, to be newly hung and handsomely painted. He had also shut up with paling, curiously twisted with furze, certain holes in the fences adjoining, through which the gypsy boys used to scramble into the plantations to gather birds' nests, the seniors of the village to make a short cut from one point to another, and the lads and lasses for evening rendezvous—all without offence taken, or leave asked. But these halcyon days were now to have end, and a minatory inscription upon one side of the gate intimated "prosecution according to law" (the painter had spelt it *persecution*—l'un vaut bien l'autre) to all who should be found trespassing on these enclosures. Upon the other side, for uniformity's sake, was a precautionary annunciation of spring-guns, stamps, and man-traps of such formidable powers, that, said the

rubrick, with an emphatic *nota bene*—"If a man goes in, they will break a horse's leg."

In defiance of these threats, six well-grown gypsy boys and girls were riding cock-horse upon the new gate, and plaiting may-flower, which it was but too evident had been gathered within the forbidden precincts. With as much anger as he was capable of feeling, or perhaps of assuming, the Laird commanded them to descend;—they paid no attention to his mandate: he then began to pull them down one after another;—they resisted, passively at least, each sturdy bronzed varlet making himself as heavy as he could, or climbing up as fast as he was dismounted.

The Laird then called in the assistance of his servant, a surly fellow, who had immediate recourse to his horse-whip. A few lashes sent the party a-scampering; and thus commenced the first breach of peace between the house of Ellangowan and the gypsies of Derncleugh.

The latter could not for some time imagine that the war was real, until they found that their children were horse-whipped by the grieve when found trespassing; that their asses were poinded by the ground-officer when left in the plantations, or even when turned to graze by the road side against the provision of the turnpike acts; that the constable began to make curious enquiries into their mode of gaining a livelihood, and expressed his surprise that the men should sleep in the hovels all day, and be abroad the greater part of the night.

When matters came to this point, the gypsies without scruple entered upon measures of retaliation. Ellangowan's hen-roosts were plundered, his linen stolen from the lines or bleaching ground, his fishings poached, his dogs kidnapped, his growing trees cut or barked. Much petty mischief was done, and some evidently for the mischief's sake. On the other hand, warrants went forth, without mer-

cy, to pursue, search for, take, and apprehend; and, notwithstanding their dexterity, one or two of the depredators were unable to avoid conviction. One, a stout young fellow who sometimes had gone to sea a-fishing, was handed over to the captain of the impress service at D——; two children were soundly flogged, and one Egyptian matron sent to the house of correction.

Still, however, the gypsies made no motion to leave the spot which they had so long inhabited, and Mr Bertram felt an unwillingness to deprive them of their ancient "city of refuge;" so that the petty warfare we have noticed continued for several months, without increase or abatement of hostilities on either side.

CHAPTER VIII.

So the red Indian, by Ontario's side,
Nursed hardy on the brindled panther's hide,
As fades his swarthy race, with anguish sees
The white man's cottage rise beneath the trees;
He leaves the shelter of his native wood,
He leaves the murmur of Ohio's flood,
And forward rushing in indignant grief,
Where never foot has trode the fallen leaf,
He bends his course where twilight reigns sublime,
O'er forests silent since the birth of time.

SCENES OF INFANCY.

In tracing the rise and progress of the Scottish Maroon war, we must not omit to mention that years had now rolled on, and that little Harry Bertram, one of the hardiest and most lively children that ever made a sword and grenadier's cap of rushes, now approached his fifth revolving birthday. A hardihood of disposition, which early developed itself, made him already

a little wanderer; he was well acquainted with every patch of lea ground and dingle around Ellangowan, and could tell in his broken language upon what *baulks* grew the bonniest flowers, and what copse had the ripest nuts. He repeatedly terrified his attendants by clambering about the ruins of the old castle, and had more than once made a stolen excursion as far as the gypsy hamlet.

Upon these occasions he was generally brought back by Meg Merrilies, who, though she could not be prevailed upon to enter the Place of Ellangowan after her nephew had been given up to the press-gang, did not apparently extend her resentment to the child. On the contrary, she often contrived to way-lay him in his walks, sing him a gypsy song, give him a ride upon her jack-ass, and thrust into his pocket a piece of gingerbread or a red-cheeked apple. This woman's ancient attachment to the family, repelled and checked in every other direction, seemed to rejoice in ha-

ving some object on which it could yet repose and expand itself. She prophesied an hundred times, "that young Mr Henry would be the pride o' the family, and there had nae been sick a sprout frae the auld aik, since the death of Arthur Mac-Dingawaie, that was killed in the battle o' the Bloody Bay; as for the present stick, it was good for naething but firewood." Upon one occasion, when the child was ill, she lay all night below the window, chaunting a rhyme which she believed sovereign as a febrifuge, and could neither be prevailed upon to enter the house, nor to leave the station she had chosen, till she was informed that the crisis was over.

The affection of this woman became matter of suspicion, not indeed to the Laird, who was never hasty in suspecting evil, but to his wife, who had indifferent health and poor spirits. She was now far advanced in a second pregnancy, she could not walk abroad herself, the wo-

man who attended upon Harry was young and thoughtless, and she prayed Dominie Sampson to undertake the task of watching the boy in his rambles, when he should not be otherwise accompanied. The Dominie loved his young charge, and was enraptured with his own success, in having already brought him so far in his learning as to spell words of three syllables. The idea of this early prodigy of erudition being carried off by the gypsies, like a second Adam Smith, was not to be tolerated; and accordingly, though the charge was contrary to all his habits of life, he readily undertook it, and might be seen stalking about with a mathematical problem in his head, and his eye upon a child of five years old, whose rambles led him into an hundred awkward situations. Twice was the Dominie chased by a cross-grained cow, once he fell into the brook crossing at the stepping-stones, and another time was bogged up to the middle in the slough of Lochend,

in attempting to gather a water-lily for the young Laird. It was the opinion of the village matrons who relieved Sampson on the latter occasion, that the Laird might as well trust the care of his child to a "potatoe-bogle;" but the good Dominie bore all his disasters with gravity and serenity equally imperturbable. "Prodi-gi-ous!" was the only ejaculation they ever extorted from the much-enduring man.

The Laird had, by this time, determined to make root and branch-work with the Maroons of Derncleugh. The old servants shook their heads at his proposal, and even Dominie Sampson ventured upon an indirect remonstrance. As, however, it was couched in the oracular phrase, "*Ne moveas Camerinam,*" neither the allusion, nor the language in which it was expressed, were calculated for Mr Bertram's edification, and matters proceeded against the gypsies in form of law. Every door in the hamlet was chalked by the ground officer, in token of a formal warning to

remove at next term. Still, however, they showed no symptoms either of submission or of compliance. At length the term-day, the fatal Martinmas, arrived, and violent measures of ejection were resorted to. A strong posse of peace-officers, sufficient to render all resistance vain, charged the inhabitants to depart by noon; and, as they did not obey, the officers, in terms of their warrant, proceeded to unroof the cottages, and pull down the wretched doors and windows,—a summary and effectual mode of ejection still practised in some remote parts of Scotland, when a tenant proves refractory. The gypsies, for a time, beheld the work of destruction in sullen silence and inactivity; then set about saddling and loading their asses, and making preparations for their departure. These were soon accomplished, where all had the habits of wandering Tartars, and they set forth on their journey to seek new settlements, where their patron should neither be of the quorum, nor custos rotulorum.

Certain qualms of feeling had deterred Ellangowan from attending in person to see his tenants expelled. He left the executive part of the business to the officers of the law, under the immediate direction of Frank Kennedy, a supervisor, or riding-officer belonging to the customs, who had of late become intimate at the Place, and of whom we shall have more to say in the next chapter. Mr Bertram himself chose that day to make a visit to a friend at some distance. But it so happened, notwithstanding his precautions, that he could not avoid meeting his late tenants during their retreat from his property.

It was in a hollow way, near the top of a steep ascent upon the verge of the Ellangowan estate, that Mr Bertram met the gypsy procession. Four or five men formed the advanced guard, wrapped in long loose great coats, that hid their tall slender figures, as the large slouched hats, drawn over their brows, concealed their wild features, dark eyes, and swarthy faces.

Two of them carried long fowling-pieces, one wore a broad sword without a sheath, and all had the Highland dirk, though they did not wear that weapon openly or ostentatiously. Behind them followed the train of laden asses, and small carts, or *tumblers*, as they were called in that country, on which were laid the decrepid and the helpless, the aged and infant part of the exiled community. The women in their red cloaks and straw hats, the elder children with bare heads, and bare feet, and almost naked bodies, had the immediate care of the little caravan. The road was narrow, running between two broken banks of sand, and Mr Bertram's servant rode forward, smacking his whip with an air of authority, and motioning to their drivers to allow free passage to their betters. His signal was unattended to. He then called to the men who lounged idly on before, "Stand to your beasts' heads, and make room for the Laird to pass."

"He shall have his share of the road,"

answered a male gypsy from under his slouched and large brimmed hat, and without raising his face, "and he shall have no more; the highway is as free to our cuddies as to his gelding."

The tone of the man being sulky, and even menacing, Mr Bertram thought it best to put his dignity in his pocket, and pass by the procession quietly, upon such space as they chose to leave for his accommodation, which was narrow enough. To cover with an appearance of indifference his feeling of the want of respect with which he was treated, he addressed one of the men, as he passed him without any show of greeting, salute, or recognition,—"Giles Baillie," he said, "have you heard that your son Gabriel is well?" (The question respected the young man who had been pressed.)

"If I had heard otherwise," said the old man, looking up with a stern and menacing countenance, "you should have heard of it too." And he plodded on his way,

tarrying no farther question. When the Laird had pressed onward with difficulty among a crowd of familiar faces, in which he now only read hatred and contempt, but which had on all former occasions marked his approach with the reverence due to that of a superior being, and had got clear of the throng, he could not help turning his horse, and looking back to mark the progress of their march. The group would have been an excellent subject for the pencil of Calotte. The van had already reached a small and stunted thicket, which was at the bottom of the hill, and which gradually hid the line of march until the last stragglers disappeared.

His sensations were bitter enough. The race, it is true, which he had thus summarily dismissed from their ancient place of refuge, was idle and vicious; but had he endeavoured to render them otherwise? They were not more irregular characters now, than they had been while they were ad-

mitted to consider themselves as a sort of subordinate dependants of his family; and ought the circumstance of his becoming a magistrate to have made at once such a change in his conduct towards them? Some means of reformation ought at least to have been tried, before sending seven families at once upon the wide world, and depriving them of a degree of countenance, which withheld them at least from atrocious guilt. There was also a natural yearning of heart upon parting with so many known and familiar faces; and to this feeling Godfrey Bertram was peculiarly accessible, from the limited qualities of his mind, which sought its principal amusements among the petty objects around him. As he was about to turn his horse's head to pursue his journey, Meg Merrilies, who had lagged behind the troops, unexpectedly presented herself.

She was standing upon one of those high banks, which, as we before noticed, overhung the road; so that she was pla-

ced considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural height. We have noticed, that there was in her general attire, or rather in her mode of adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign costume, artfully adopted perhaps for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion, she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon lustre. Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf locks from the folds of this singular head gear. Her attitude was that of a sybil in frenzy, and she stretched out, in her right hand, a sapling bough which seemed just pulled.

"I'll be d——d," said the groom, "if she has not been cutting the young ashes

in the Dukit Park."—The Laird made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which was thus perched above his path.

"Ride your ways," said the gypsy, "ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram!—This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blyther for that.—Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster.—Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstane at Ellangowan.—Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glowr after our folk for?—There's thirty hearts there, that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger—yes—there's thirty yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields,

to sleep with the tod and the black-cock in the muirs!—Ride your ways, Ellangowan.—Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up—not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father.—And now, ride e'en your ways, for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan."

So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen-edged malediction, could not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous. The Laird was clearing his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find half-a-crown; the gypsy waited neither for his reply nor his donation,

but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.

Ellangowan rode pensively home; and it was remarkable that he did not mention this interview to any of his family. The groom was not so reserved: he told the story at great length to a full audience in the kitchen, and concluded by swearing, that "if ever the devil spoke by the mouth of a woman, he had spoken by that of Meg Merrilies that blessed day."

CHAPTER IX.

Paint Scotland greeting ower her thrissle,
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle,
An' d——mn'd excisemen in a bustle,
Seizing a stell;
Triumphant crushing't like a mussell,
Or lampit shell.

BURNS.

DURING the period of Mr Bertram's active magistracy, he did not forget the affairs of the revenue. Smuggling, for which the Isle of Man then afforded peculiar facilities, was general, or rather universal, all along the south-western coast of Scotland. Almost all the common people were engaged in these practices, the gentry connived at them, and the officers of the revenue were frequently discountenanced in the exercise of their duty, by those who should have protected them.

There was, at this period, employed as a riding officer or supervisor, in that part of the country, a certain Francis Kennedy, already named in our narrative; a stout, resolute, and active man, who had made seizures to a great amount, and was proportionally hated by those who had an interest in the *fair-trade*, as they called these contraband adventurers. This person was natural son to a gentleman of good family, owing to which circumstance, and to his being of a jolly convivial disposition, and singing a good song, he was admitted to the occasional society of the gentlemen of the country, and was a member of several of their clubs for practising athletic games, at which he was particularly expert.

At Ellangowan, Kennedy was a frequent and always an acceptable guest. His vivacity relieved Mr Bertram of the trouble of thought, and the labour which it cost him to support a detailed communication of ideas; while the daring and dangerous exploits which he had undertaken

in the discharge of his office, formed excellent conversation. To all these revenue adventures did the Laird of Ellangowan seriously incline, and the amusement which he derived from his society formed an excellent reason for countenancing and assisting the narrator in the execution of his invidious and hazardous duty.

"Frank Kennedy," he said, "was a gentleman, though on the wrong side of the blanket—he was connected with the family of Ellangowan through the house of Glengubble. The last Laird of Glengubble would have brought the estate into the Ellangowan line, but happening to go to Harrigate, he there met with Miss Jean Hadaway—by the bye, the Green Dragon at Harrigate is the best house of the two—but for Frank Kennedy, he's in one sense a gentleman born, and it's a shame not to support him against these blackguard smugglers."

After this league had taken place be-

tween judgement and execution, it chanced that Captain Dirk Hatteraick had landed a cargo of spirits, and other contraband goods, upon the beach not far from Ellangowan, and, confiding in the indifference with which the Laird had formerly regarded similar infractions of the law, he was neither very anxious to conceal nor to expedite the transaction. The consequence was, that Mr Frank Kennedy, armed with a warrant from Ellangowan, and supported by some of the Laird's people who knew the country, and by a party of military, poured down upon the kegs, bales, and bags, and, after a desperate affray, in which severe wounds were given and received, succeeded in clapping the broad arrow upon the articles, and bearing them off in triumph to the next custom-house. Dirk Hatteraick vowed, in Dutch, German, and English, a deep and full revenge, both against the gauger and his abettors; and all who knew him thought it likely he would keep his word.

A few days after the departure of the gypsy tribe, Mr Bertram asked his lady one morning at breakfast, whether this was not little Harry's birth-day?

"Five years old exactly, this blessed day," answered the lady; "so we may look into the English gentleman's paper."

Mr Bertram liked to show his authority in trifles. "No, my dear, not till to-morrow. The last time I was at quarter sessions the sheriff told us, that *dies*—that *dies inceptus*—in short, you don't understand Latin, but it means that a term day is not begun till it's ended."

"That sounds like nonsense, my dear."

"May be so, my dear; but it may be very good law for all that. I am sure, speaking of term days, I wish, as Frank Kennedy says, that Whitsunday would kill Martinmas, and be hanged for the murder—for there I have got a letter about that interest of Jenny Cairns's, and deil a tenant's been at the Place yet wi' a boddle of rent,—nor will not till Can-

dlemas—but, speaking of Frank Kennedy, I dare say he'll be here the day, for he was away round to Wigton to warn a king's ship that's lying in the bay about Dirk Hatteraick's lugger being on the coast again, and he'll be back this day; so we'll have a bottle of claret, and drink little Harry's health."

"I wish," replied the lady, "Frank Kennedy would let Dirk Hatteraick alone—what needs he make himself more busy than other folk?—cannot he sing his sang, and take his drink, and draw his salary like Collector Snail, honest man, that never fashes ony body? And I wonder at you, Laird, for meddling and making—Did we ever want to send for tea or brandy frae the Borough-town, when Dirk Hatteraick used to come quietly into the bay?"

"Mrs Bertram, you know nothing of these matters. Do ye think it becomes a magistrate to let his own house be made a receptacle for smuggled goods? Frank Kennedy will shew you the penalties in

the act, and ye ken yoursell they used to put their run goods into the auld Place of Ellangowan up bye there."

"Oh dear, Mr Bertram, and what the waur were the wa's and the vault o' the auld castle for having a whin kegs o' brandy in them at an orra time? I am sure ye were not obliged to ken ony thing about it; or what the waur was the King that the lairds here got a soup o' drink, and the ladies their drap o' tea at a reasonable rate?—it's a shame to them to pit such taxes on them!—and was na I much the better of these Flanders head and pinners, that Dirk Hatteraick sent me all the way frae Antwerp? It will be lang or the King sends me ony thing, or Frank Kennedy either. And then ye would quarrel with these gypsies too. I expect every day to hear the barn yard's in a low."

"I tell you once more, my dear, you don't understand these things—and there's Frank Kennedy coming galloping up the avenue."

"A weel! a weel! Ellangowan," said the lady, raising her voice as the Laird left the room, "I wish ye may understand them yoursell, that's a'."

From this nuptial dialogue the Laird joyfully escaped to meet his faithful friend, Mr Kennedy, who arrived in high spirits. "For the love of life, Ellangowan," he said, "get up to the castle! you'll see that old fox Dirk Hatteraick, and his majesty's hounds in full cry after him." So saying, he flung his horse's bridle to a boy, and ran up the ascent to the old castle, followed by the Laird, and indeed by several others of the family, alarmed by the sound of guns from the sea, now distinctly heard.

On gaining that part of the ruins which commanded the most extensive outlook, they saw a lugger, with all her canvass crowded, standing across the bay, closely pursued by a sloop of war, that kept firing upon the chase from her bows, which the lugger returned with her stern-

chasers. "They're but at long bowls yet," cried Kennedy in great exultation, "but they will be closer bye and bye.——D—n him, he's starting his cargo! I see the good Nantz pitching overboard, keg after keg!—that's a d——d ungenteel thing of Mr Hatteraick, as I shall let him know bye and bye.—Now, now! they've got the wind of him!—that's it, that's it!—hark to him! hark to him!—now, my dogs! now, my dogs!—hark to Ranger, hark!"

"I think," said the old gardener to one of the maids, "the gauger's *fie*;" by which word the common people express those violent spirits which they think a presage of death.

Meantime the chase continued. The lugger, being pilotted with great ability, and using every nautical shift to make her escape, had now reached, and was about to double, the head-land which formed the extreme point of land on the left side of the bay, when a ball having hit the yard in the slings, the main-sail

fell upon the deck. The consequence of this accident appeared inevitable, but could not be seen by the spectators; for the vessel, which had just doubled the head-land, lost steerage, and fell out of their sight behind the promontory. The sloop of war crowded all sail to pursue, but she had stood too close upon the cape, so that they were obliged to wear the vessel for fear of going ashore, and to make a large tack back into the bay, in order to recover sea-room enough to double the head-land.

"They'll lose her by ——, cargo and lugger, one or both," said Kennedy; "I must gallop away to the Point of Warroch (this was the head-land so often mentioned,) and make them a signal where she has drifted to on the other side. Good bye for an hour, Ellangowan—get out the gallon punch-bowl, and plenty of lemons. I'll stand for the French article by the time I come back, and we'll drink the young Laird's health in a bowl that would swim

the collector's yawl." So saying, he mounted his horse, and gallopped off.

About a mile from the house, and upon the verge of the woods, which, as we have said, covered a promontory terminating in the cape called the Point of Warroch, Kennedy met young Harry Bertram, attended by his tutor, Dominie Sampson. He had often promised the child a ride upon his galloway; and, from singing, dancing, and playing Punch for his amusement, was a particular favourite. He no sooner came scampering up the path, than the boy loudly claimed his promise; and Kennedy, who saw no risque in indulging him, and wished to tease the Dominie, in whose visage he read a remonstrance, caught up Harry from the ground, placed him before him, and continued his route; Sampson's "Peradventure, Master Kennedy"——being lost in the clatter of his horse's feet. The pedagogue hesitated a moment whether he should go after

them; but Kennedy being a person in full confidence of the family, and with whom he himself had no delight in associating, "being that he was addicted unto profane and scurrilous jests," he continued his own walk at his own pace, till he reached the Place of Ellangowan.

The spectators from the ruined walls of the castle were still watching the sloop of war, which at length, but not without the loss of considerable time, recovered searoom enough to weather the Point of Warroch, and was lost to their sight behind that wooded promontory. Some time afterward the discharges of several cannon were heard at a distance, and, after an interval, a still louder explosion, as of a vessel blown up, and a cloud of smoke rose above the trees, and mingled with the blue sky. All then separated upon their different occasions, auguring variously upon the fate of the smuggler, but the majority insisting that her capture was

inevitable, if she had not already gone to the bottom.

"It is near our dinner-time, my dear," said Mrs Bertram to her husband, "will it be long before Mr Kennedy comes back?"

"I expect him every moment, my dear," said the Laird; "perhaps he is bringing some of the officers of the sloop with him."

"My stars, Mr Bertram! why did not ye tell me this before, that we might have had the large round table?—and then, they're a' tired o' salt-meat, and, to tell you the plain truth, a rump of beef is the best part of your dinner—and then I wad have put on another gown, and ye wad na have been the waur o' a clean neck-cloth yoursell—But ye delight in surprising and hurrying one—I am sure I am no to haud out for ever against this sort of going on—But when folk's missed, then they are moaned."

"Pshaw, pshaw, deuce take the beef, and the gown, and the table, and the neck-cloth!—we shall do all very well.—Where's

the Dominie, John?—(to a servant who was busy about the table) where's the Dominie and little Harry?"

"Mr Sampson's been at home these twa hours and mair, but I dinna think Mr Harry came home wi' him."

"Not come home wi' him?" said the lady, "desire Mr Sampson to step this way directly."

"Mr Sampson," said she, upon his entrance, "is it not the most extraordinary thing in this world wide, that you, that have free up-putting—bed, board, and washing—and twelve pounds sterling a-year, just to look after that boy, should let him out of your sight for twa or three hours?"

Sampson made a bow of humble acknowledgment at each pause which the angry lady made in her enumeration of the advantages of his situation, in order to give more weight to her remonstrance, and then, in words which we will not do him the injustice to imitate, told how Mr Francis Kennedy "had assumed spontaneously

the charge of Master Henry, in despite of his remonstrances in the contrary."

"I am very little obliged to Mr Francis Kennedy for his pains," said the lady peevishly; "suppose he lets the boy drop from his horse, and lames him?—or suppose one of the cannons comes ashore and kills him?—or suppose"——

"Or suppose, my dear," said Ellangowan, "what is much more likely than any thing else, that they have gone aboard the sloop, or the prize, and are to come round the Point with the tide?"

"And then they may be drowned," said the lady.

"Verily," said Sampson, "I thought Mr Kennedy had returned an hour since—Of a surety I deemed I heard his horse's feet."——

"That," said John with a broad grin, "was Grizel chasing the humbled cow out of the close."

Sampson coloured up to the eyes—not at the implied taunt, which he would never have discovered, or resented if he

had, but at some idea which crossed his own mind. "I have been in an error," he said, "of a surety I should have tarried for the babe." So saying, he snatched his cane and hat, and hurried away towards Warroch-wood, faster than he was ever known to walk before, or after.

The Laird lingered some time, debating the point with the lady. At length, he saw the sloop of war again make her appearance; but, without approaching the shore, she stood away to the westward with all her sails set, and was soon out of sight. The lady's state of timorous and fretful apprehension was so habitual, that her fears went for nothing with her lord and master; but an appearance of disturbance and anxiety among the servants now excited his alarm, especially when he was called out of the room, and told in private, that Mr Kennedy's horse had come to the stable door alone, with the saddle turned round below its belly, and the reins of the bridle broken; and that a farmer had in-

formed them in passing, that there was a smuggling lugger burning like a furnace on the other side of the Point of Warroch, and that, though he had come through the wood, he had seen or heard nothing of Kennedy and the young Laird, "only there was Dominie Sampson, gaun rampaging about, like mad, seeking for them."—

All was now bustle at Ellangowan. The Laird and his servants, male and female, hastened to the wood of Warroch. The tenants and cottagers in the neighbourhood lent their assistance, partly out of zeal, partly from curiosity. Boats were manned to search the sea-shore, which, on the other side of the Point, rose into high and indented rocks. A vague suspicion was entertained, though too horrible to be expressed, that the child might have fallen from one of these cliffs.

The evening had begun to close when the parties entered the wood, and dispersed different ways in quest of the boy and his companion. The darkening

of the atmosphere, and the hoarse sighs of the November wind through the naked trees, the rustling of the withered leaves which strewed the glades, the repeated halloos of the different parties, which often drew them together in expectation of meeting the objects of their search, gave a cast of dismal sublimity to the scene.

At length, after a minute and fruitless investigation through the wood, the searchers began to draw together into one body and to compare notes. The agony of the father grew beyond concealment, yet it scarcely equalled the anguish of the tutor. "Would to God I had died for him!" the affectionate creature repeated in notes of the deepest distress. Those who were less interested, rushed into a tumultuary discussion of chances and possibilities. Each gave his opinion, and each was alternately swayed by that of the others. Some thought the object of their search had gone aboard the sloop; some that they had gone to a village three miles distance; some

whispered they might have been on board the lugger, a few planks and beams of which the tide now drifted ashore.

At this instant, a shout was heard from the beach, so loud, so shrill, so piercing, so different from every sound which the woods had that day rung to, that nobody hesitated a moment to believe that it conveyed tidings, and tidings of dreadful import. All hurried to the place, and, venturing without scruple upon paths, which, at another time, they would have shuddered to look at, descended towards a cleft of the rock, where one boat's crew was already landed. "Here, sirs!—Here!—this way, for God's sake!—this way! this way!" was the reiterated cry. Ellangowan broke through the throng which had already assembled at the fatal spot, and beheld the object of their terror. It was the dead body of Kennedy. At first sight he seemed to have perished by a fall from the rocks, which there rose in a precipice of a hundred feet above the beach. The

corpse was lying half in, half out of the water; the advancing tide, raising the arm and stirring the clothes, had given it at some distance the appearance of motion, so that those who first discovered the body thought that life remained. But every spark had been long extinguished.

"My bairn! my bairn!" cried the distracted father, "where can he be?"—A dozen mouths were opened to communicate hopes which no one felt. Some one at length mentioned——the gypsies! In a moment Ellangowan had reascended the cliffs, flung himself upon the first horse he met, and rode furiously to the huts at Derncleugh. All was there dark and desolate; and, as he dismounted to make more minute search, he stumbled over fragments of furniture which had been thrown out of the cottages, and the broken wood and thatch which had been pulled down by his orders. At that moment the prophecy, or anathema, of Meg Merrilies fell heavy on his mind. "You

have stripped the thatch from seven cottages,—see that the roof-tree of your own house stand the surer!"

"Restore," he cried, "restore my bairn! bring me back my son, and all shall be forgot and forgiven!" As he uttered these words in a sort of frenzy, his eye caught a glimmering of light in one of the dismantled cottages—it was that in which Meg Merrilies formerly resided. The light, which seemed to proceed from fire, glimmered not only through the window, but also through the rafters of the hut where the roofing had been torn off.

He flew to the place; the entrance was bolted; despair gave the miserable father the strength of ten men; he rushed against the door with such violence that it gave way before the *momentum* of his weight and force. The cottage was empty, but bore marks of recent habitation—there was fire on the hearth, a kettle, and some preparation for food. As he eagerly

gazed around for something that might confirm his hope that his child yet lived, although in the power of those strange people, a man entered the hut.

It was his old gardener. "O sir!" said the old man, "such a night as this I trusted never to live to see!—ye maun come to the Place directly!"

"Is my boy found? is he alive? have ye found Harry Bertram? Andrew, have ye found Harry Bertram?"

"No, sir; but"——

"Then he is kidnapped! I am sure of it, Andrew! as sure as that I tread upon earth! She has stolen him—and I will never stir from this place till I have tidings of my bairn!"

"O, but ye maun come hame, sir! ye maun come hame!—We have sent for the sheriff, and we'll set a watch here a' night, in case the gypsies return; but *you*—ye maun come hame, sir,——for my lady's in the dead-thraw."

Bertram turned a stupified and unmeaning eye on the messenger who uttered this calamitous news; and, repeating the words "in the dead-thraw!" as if he could not comprehend their meaning, suff ered the old man to drag him towards his horse. During the ride home, he only said, "Wife and bairn, baith—mother and son, baith—Sair, sair to abide!"

It is needless to dwell upon the new scene of agony which awaited him. The news of Kennedy's fate had been eagerly and incautiously communicated at Ellangowan, with the gratuitous addition, that, doubtless, "he had drawn the young Laird over the craig with him, though the tide had swept away the child's body—he was light, puir thing, and would flee farther into the surf."

Mrs Bertram heard the tidings; she was far advanced in her pregnancy; she fell into the pains of premature labour, and, ere Ellangowan had recovered his agita-

ted faculties, so as to comprehend the full distress of his situation, he was the father of a female infant, and a widower.

CHAPTER X.

But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,
His hands abroad display'd, as one that gasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.

Henry IV. Part First.

THE Sheriff-depute of the county arrived at Ellangowan next morning by day-break. To this provincial magistrate the law of Scotland assigns judicial powers of considerable extent, and the task of enquiring into all crimes committed within his jurisdiction, the apprehension and commitment of suspected persons, and so forth.

The gentleman who held the office in the shire of —— at the time of this catastrophe, was well born and well educated;

and, though somewhat pedantic and professional in his habits, he enjoyed general respect as an active and intelligent magistrate. His first employment was to examine all witnesses whose evidence could throw light upon this mysterious event, and make up the written report, *proces verbal*, or precognition, as it is technically called, which the practice of Scotland has substituted for a coroner's inquest. Under the sheriff's minute and skilful enquiry, many circumstances appeared, which were incompatible with the original opinion, that Kennedy had accidentally fallen from the cliffs. We shall briefly detail some of these.

The body had been deposited in a neighbouring fisher-hut, but without altering the condition in which it was found. This was the first object of the Sheriff's examination. Though fearfully crushed and mangled by the fall from such a height, the corpse was found to exhibit a deep cut in the head, which, in the opinion of a skilful

surgeon, must have been inflicted by a broad-sword, or cutlass. The experience of this gentleman discovered other suspicious indications. The face was much blackened, the eyes distorted, and the veins of the neck swelled. A coloured handkerchief, which the unfortunate man had worn around his neck, did not present the usual appearance, but was much loosened, and the knot displaced and dragged extremely tight: the folds were also compressed, as if it had been used as a means of grappling the deceased, and dragging him perhaps to the precipice.

On the other hand, poor Kennedy's purse was found untouched; and, what seemed yet more extraordinary, the pistols which he usually carried when about to encounter any hazardous adventure, were found in his pockets loaded. This appeared particularly strange, for he was known and dreaded by the contraband traders as a man equally fearless and dexterous in the use of his weapons, of which

he had given many signal proofs. The Sheriff enquired, whether Kennedy was not in the practice of carrying any other arms. Most of Mr Bertram's servants recollected that he generally had a *couteau de chasse*, or short hanger, but no such was found upon the dead body; nor could those who had seen him on the morning of the fatal day, take it upon them to assert whether he then carried that weapon or not.

The corpse afforded no other *indicia* respecting the fate of Kennedy; for, though the clothes were much displaced, and the limbs dreadfully fractured, the one seemed the probable, the other the certain, consequences of such a fall. The hands of the deceased were clenched fast, and full of turf and earth; but this also seemed equivocal.

The magistrates then proceeded to the place where the corpse was first discovered, and made those who had found it, give, upon the spot, a particular and de-

tailed account of the manner in which it was lying. A large fragment of the rock appeared to have accompanied, or followed, the fall of the victim from the cliff above. It was of so solid and compact a substance, that it had fallen without any great diminution by splintering, so that the Sheriff was enabled, first, to estimate the weight by measurement, and then to calculate, from the appearance of the fragment, what proportion of it had been bedded into the cliff from which it had fallen. This was easily detected, by the raw appearance of the stone where it had not been exposed to the atmosphere. They then ascended the cliff, and surveyed the place from whence the stony fragment had descended. It seemed plain, from the appearance of the bed, that the mere weight of one man standing upon the projecting part of the fragment, supposing it in its original situation, could not have destroyed its bias, and precipitated it, with himself, from the cliff. At the

same time, it seemed to have lain so loose, that the use of a lever, or the combined strength of three or four men, might easily have hurled it from its position. The short turf about the brink of the precipice was much trampled, as if stamped by the heels of men in a mortal struggle, or in the act of some violent exertion. Traces of the same kind, less visibly marked, guided the sagacious investigator to the verge of the copsewood, which, in that place, crept high up the bank towards the top of the precipice.

With patience and perseverance, they traced these marks into the thickest part of the copse, a route which no person would have voluntarily adopted, unless for the purpose of concealment. Here they found plain vestiges of violence and struggling, from space to space. Small boughs were torn down, as if grasped by some resisting wretch who was dragged forcibly along; the ground, where in the least degree soft or marshy, shewed the

print of many feet; there were vestiges also, which might be those of human blood. At any rate, it was certain that several persons must have forced their passage among the oaks, hazels, and underwood, with which they were mingled; and in some places appeared traces, as if a sack full of grain, a dead body, or something of that heavy and solid description, had been dragged along the ground. In one place of the thicket there was a small swamp, the clay of which was whitish, being probably mixed with marl. The back of Kennedy's coat appeared besmeared wtih stains of the same colour.

At length, about a quarter of a mile from the brink of the fatal precipice, the traces conducted them to a small open space of ground, very much trampled, and plainly stained with blood, although withered leaves had been strewed upon the spot, and other means hastily taken to efface the marks, which seemed obviously to have been derived from a desperate affray. On

one side of this patch of open ground was found the sufferer's naked hanger, which seemed to have been thrown into the thicket; on the other, the belt and sheath, which appeared to have been hidden with more leisurely care and precaution.

The magistrate caused the foot-prints which marked this spot to be carefully measured and examined. Some corresponded to the foot of the unhappy victim; some were larger, some less; indicating, that at least four or five men had been busy around him. Above all, here, and here only, were observed the vestiges of a child's foot; and, as it could be seen no where else, and the hard horse-track which traversed the wood of Warroch was contiguous to the spot, it was natural to think that the boy might have escaped in that direction during the confusion. But as he was never heard of, the Sheriff, who made a careful entry of all these memoranda, did not suppress his opinion, that the deceased had met with foul play, and that the murderers, whoever they

were, had possessed themselves of the person of the child Harry Bertram.

Every exertion was now made to discover the criminals. Suspicion hesitated between the smugglers and the gypsies. The fate of Dirk Hatteraick's vessel was certain. Two men from the opposite side of Warroch Bay (so the inlet on the southern side of the Point of Warroch is called) had seen, though at a great distance, the lugger drive eastward, after doubling the head-land, and, as they judged from her manœuvres, in a disabled state. Shortly after, they perceived that she grounded, smoked, and, finally, took fire. She was, as one of them expressed himself, *in a light low*, (bright flame,) when they observed a king's ship, with her colours up, heave in sight from behind the cape. The guns of the burning vessel discharged themselves as the fire reached them; and they saw her, at length, blow up with a great explosion. The sloop of war kept aloof for her own safety; and, after ho-

vering till the other ship exploded, stood away southward under a press of sail. The Sheriff anxiously interrogated these men whether any boats had left the vessel. They could not say—they had seen none—but they might have put off in such a direction as placed the burning vessel between their course and the witnesses.

That the ship destroyed was Dirk Hatteraick's no one doubted. His lugger was well known on the coast, and had been expected just at this time. A letter from the commander of the king's sloop, to whom the Sheriff made application, put the matter beyond doubt; he sent also an extract from his log-book of the transactions of the day, which intimated their being on the outlook for a smuggling lugger, Dirk Hatteraick, master, upon the information and requisition of Francis Kennedy, of his majesty's excise service; and that Kennedy was to be upon the outlook on the shore, in case Hatteraick, who was known to be a desperate fellow, and had

been repeatedly outlawed, should attempt to run his sloop aground. About nine o'clock A. M. they discovered a sail, which answered the description of Hatteraick's vessel, chased her, and, after repeated signals to her to show colours or bring-to, fired upon her. The chase then showed Hamburgh colours, and returned the fire; and a running fight was maintained for three hours, when, just as the lugger was doubling the Point of Warroch, they observed her main-yard was shot in the slings, and that the vessel was disabled. It was not in their power for some time to profit by this circumstance, owing to their having kept too much in shore for doubling the headland. After two tacks they accomplished this, and observed the chase on fire, and apparently deserted. The fire having reached some casks of spirits, which were placed on the deck, with other combustibles, probably on purpose, burned with such fury, that no boats durst approach the vessel, especially as

her shotted guns were discharging, one after another, by the heat. The captain had no doubt whatever that the crew had set the vessel on fire, and escaped in their boats. After watching the conflagration till the ship blew up, his majesty's sloop, the Shark, stood towards the Isle of Man, with the purpose of intercepting the retreat of the smugglers, who, though they might conceal themselves in the woods for a day or two, would probably take the first opportunity of endeavouring to make for this asylum. But they never saw more of them than is above narrated.

Such was the account given by William Pritchard, master and commander of his majesty's sloop of war, Shark, who concluded by regretting deeply, that he had not had the happiness to fall in with the scoundrels who had had the impudence to fire on his majesty's flag, and with an assurance, that, should he meet Mr Dirk Hatteraick in any future cruise, he would not fail to bring him into port under his stern,

to answer whatever might be alleged against him.

As, therefore, it seemed tolerably certain that the men on board the lugger had escaped, the death of Kennedy, if he fell in with them in the woods, when irritated by the loss of their vessel, and by the share he had in it, was easily to be accounted for. And it was not improbable, that to such brutal tempers, rendered desperate by their own circumstances, even the murder of the child, against whose father Hatteraick was known to have uttered deep threats, would not appear a very heinous crime.

Against this hypothesis it was urged, that a crew of fifteen or twenty men could not have lain hidden upon the coast, when so close a search took place immediately after the destruction of their vessel; or, at least, that if they had hid themselves in the woods their boats must have been seen on the beach;—that in such precarious circumstances, and

when all retreat must have seemed difficult, if not impossible, it was not to be thought that they would have all united to commit an useless murder, for the mere sake of revenge. Those who held this opinion, supposed, either that the boats of the lugger had stood out to sea without being observed by those who were intent upon gazing at the burning vessel, and so gained safe distance before the sloop got round the headland, or else, that the boats being staved or destroyed by the fire of the Shark during the chase, the crew had obstinately determined to perish with the vessel. What gave some countenance to this supposed act of desperation was, that neither Dirk Hatteraick nor any of his sailors, all well-known men in the fair-trade, were again seen upon that coast, or heard of in the Isle of Man, where strict enquiry was made. On the other hand, only one dead body, apparently that of a seaman killed by a cannon shot, drifted ashore. So all that could be done was, to register

the names, description, and appearance of the individuals belonging to the ship's company, and offer a reward for the apprehension of them, or any one of them; extending also to any person, not the actual murderer, who should give evidence tending to convict those who had murthered Francis Kennedy.

Another opinion, which was also plausibly supported, went to charge this horrid crime upon the late tenants of Derncleugh. They were known to have resented highly the conduct of the Laird of Ellangowan towards them, and to have used threatening expressions, which every one supposed them capable of carrying into effect. The kidnapping the child was a crime much more consistent with their habits than with those of smugglers, and his temporary guardian might have fallen in an attempt to protect him. Besides it was remembered, that Kennedy had been an active agent, two or three days before, in the forcible expulsion of

these people from Derncleugh, and that harsh and menacing language had been exchanged between him and some of the Egyptian patriarchs upon that memorable occasion.

The Sheriff received also the depositions of the unfortunate father and his servant, concerning what had passed at their meeting the caravan of gypsies as they left the estate of Ellangowan. The speech of Meg Merrilies seemed particularly suspicious. There was, as the magistrate observed in his law language, *damnum minatum*, a damage, or evil turn threatened, and *malum secutum*—an evil of the very kind predicted shortly afterwards following. A young woman, who had been gathering nuts in Warroch wood upon the fatal day, was also strongly of opinion, though she declined to make positive oath, that she had seen Meg Merrilies, at least a woman of her remarkable size and appearance, start suddenly out of a thicket —she said she had called to her by name,

but, as the figure turned from her, and made no answer, she was uncertain if it were the gypsy, or her wraith, and was afraid to go nearer to one who was reckoned, in the vulgar phrase, *no canny*. This vague story received some corroboration from the circumstance of a fire being that evening found in the gypsy's deserted cottage. To this fact Ellangowan and his gardener bore evidence. Yet it seemed extravagant to suppose, that, had this woman been accessory to such a dreadful crime, she would have returned that very evening on which it was committed, to the place, of all others, where she was most likely to be sought after.

Meg Merrilies was, however, apprehended and examined. She denied strongly having been either at Derncleugh or in the wood of Warroch upon the day of Kennedy's death; and several of her tribe made oath in her behalf, that she had never quitted their encampment, which was in a glen about ten miles distant from

Ellangowan. Their oaths were indeed little to be trusted to; but what other evidence could be had in the circumstances? There was one remarkable fact, and only one, which arose from her examination. Her arm appeared to be slightly wounded by the cut of a sharp weapon, and was tied up with a handkerchief of Harry Bertram's. But the chief of the horde acknowledged he had "corrected her" that day with his whinger—she herself, and others, gave the same account of her hurt; and, for the handkerchief, the quantity of linen stolen from Ellangowan during the last months of their residence on the estate easily accounted for it, without charging Meg with a more heinous crime.

It was observed upon her examination, that she treated the questions respecting the death of Kennedy, or "the gauger," as she called him, with indifference; but expressed great and emphatic scorn and indignation at being supposed capable of injuring little Harry Bertram. She was

long confined in jail, under the hope that something might yet be discovered to throw light upon this dark and bloody transaction. Nothing, however, occurred; and Meg was at length liberated, but under sentence of banishment from the county, as a vagrant, common thief, and disorderly person. No traces of the boy could ever be discovered; and, at length, the story, after making much noise, was gradually given up as altogether inexplicable, and only perpetuated by the name of "The Gauger's Loup," which was generally bestowed on the cliff from which the unfortunate man had fallen or been precipitated.

CHAPTER XI.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

I—that please some, try all; both joy and terror
Of good and bad; that make and unfold error—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap.————————

WINTER'S TALE.

OUR narration is now about to make a large stride, and omit a space of nearly seventeen years; during which nothing occurred of any particular consequence with respect to the story we have undertaken to tell. The gap is a wide one; yet if the reader's experience in life enables him to look back on so many years, the space will scarce appear longer in his recollection, than the time consumed in turning these pages.

It was, then, in the month of November, about seventeen years after the catas-

trophe related in the last chapter, that, during a cold and stormy night, a social group had closed around the kitchen fire of the Gordons' Arms at Kippletringan, a small but comfortable inn, kept by Mrs Mac-Candlish in that village. The conversation which passed among them will save me the trouble of telling the few events occurring during this chasm in our history, with which it is necessary that the reader should be acquainted.

Mrs Mac-Candlish, throned in a comfortable easy chair lined with black leather, was regaling herself, and a neighbouring gossip or two, with a cup of comfortable tea, and at the same time keeping a sharp eye upon her domestics, as they went and came in prosecution of their various duties and commissions. The clerk and precentor of the parish enjoyed at a little distance his Saturday night's pipe, and aided its bland fumigation by an occasional sip of brandy and water. Deacon Bearcliff, a man of great importance in the village, combined the indulgence of both

parties—he had his pipe and his tea-cup, the latter being laced with a little brandy. One or two clowns sat at some distance, drinking their two-penny ale.

"Are ye sure the parlour's ready for them, and the fire burning clear, and the chimney no smoking?" said the hostess to a chambermaid.

She was answered in the affirmative.—"Ane wadna be uncivil to them, especially in their distress," said she, turning to the Deacon.

"Assuredly not, Mrs Mac-Candlish; assuredly not. I am sure ony small thing they might want frae my shop, under seven, or eight, or ten pounds, I would book them as readily for it as the first in the country.—Do they come in the auld chaise?"

"I dare say no," said the precentor; "for Miss Bertram comes on the white poney ilka day to the kirk—and a constant kirk-keeper she is—and it's a pleasure to hear her singing the psalms, winsome young thing."

"Aye, and the young Laird of Hazlewood rides hame half the road wi' her after sermon," said one of the gossips in company; "I wonder how auld Hazlewood likes that."

"I kenna how he may like it now," answered another of the tea-drinkers; "but the day has been when Ellangowan wad hae liked as little to see his daughter taking up with their son."

"Aye, *has been*," answered the first with emphasis.—"I am sure, neighbour Ovens," said the hostess, "the Hazlewoods of Hazlewood, though they're a very gude auld family in the county, never thought, till within these twa score o' years, of evening themselves till the Ellangowans—Wow, woman, the Bertrams of Ellangowan are the auld Dingawaies lang syne—there is a sang about ane o' them marrying a daughter of the King of Man; it begins,

Blithe Bertram's ta'en him ower the faem,
To wed a wife, and bring her hame——

I dare say Mr Skriegh can sing us the ballant."

"Good-wife," said Skriegh, gathering up his mouth, and sipping his tiff of brandy punch with great solemnity, "our talents were given us to other use than to sing daft auld sangs sae near the Sabbath-day."

"Hout fie, Mr Skriegh, I'se warrant I hae heard ye sing a blythe sang on Saturday at e'en—But as for the family carriage, Deacon, it has nae been out o' the coach-house since Mrs Bertram died, that's sixteen or seventeen years sin syne—Jock Jabos is away wi' a chaise of mine for them;—I wonder he's no come back. It's pit mirk—but there's no an ill turn on the road but twa, and the brigg ower Warroch burn is safe eneugh, if he haud to the right side. But then there's Heavie-side-brae, that's just a murder for post-cattle—but Jock kens the road brawly."—

A loud rapping was heard at the door.

"That's no them. I dinna hear the

wheels.—Grizel, ye limmer, gang to the door."

"It's a single gentleman," whined out Grizel; "maun I take him into the parlour?"

"Foul be in your feet, than;—it'll be some English rider; coming without a servant at this time o' night!—Has the ostler ta'en the horse?—Ye may light a spunk o' fire in the red room."

"I wish, ma'am," said the traveller, entering the kitchen, "you would give me leave to warm myself here, for the night is very cold."

His appearance, voice, and manner, produced an instantaneous effect in his favour. He was a handsome tall thin figure, dressed in black, as appeared when he laid aside his riding coat; his age might be between forty and fifty; his cast of features grave and interesting, and his air somewhat military. Every point of his appearance and address bespoke the gentleman. Long habit had given Mrs Mac-Candlish an acute

tact in ascertaining the quality of her visitors, and proportioning her reception accordingly:—

To every guest the appropriate speech was made,
And every duty with distinction paid;
Respectful, easy, pleasant, or polite——
"Your Honour's servant!—Mister Smith, good night."

On the present occasion, she was low in her curtesy, and profuse in her apologies. The stranger begged his horse might be attended to—she went out herself to school the hostler.

"There was never a prettier bit o' horseflesh in the stable o' the Gordon Arms," said the man; which information increased the landlady's respect for the rider. Upon the stranger declining to go into another apartment, (which indeed, she allowed, would be but cold and smoky till the fire burned up,) she installed her guest hospitably by the fire-side, and offered what refreshment her house afforded.

"A cup of your tea, ma'am, if you will favour me."

Mrs Mac-Candlish bustled about, reinforced her teapot with hyson, and proceeded in her duties with her best grace. "We have a very nice parlour, sir, and every thing very agreeable for gentlefolks; but it's bespoke the-night for a gentleman and his daughter that are going to leave this part of the country—ane of my chaises is gone for them, and will be back forthwith—they're not sae weel in the world as they have been; but we're a' subject to ups and downs in this life, as your honour must needs ken—but is not the tobacco-reek disagreeable to your honour?"

"By no means, ma'am; I am an old campaigner, and perfectly used to it.—Will you permit me to make some enquiries about a family in this neighbourhood?"

The sound of wheels was now heard, and the landlady hurried to the door to

receive her expected guests; but returned in an instant, followed by the postillion—"No, they canna come at no rate, the Laird's sae ill."

"But God help them," said the landlady, "the morn's the term—the very last day they can bide in the house—a' thing's to be roupit."

"Weel, but they can come at no rate I tell ye—Mr Bertram canna be moved."

"What Mr Bertram?" said the stranger; "not Mr Bertram of Ellangowan, I hope?"

"Just e'en that same, sir; and if ye be a friend o' his, you have come at a time when he's sair bested."

"I have been abroad for many years—is his health so much deranged?"

"Aye, and his affairs an' a'," said the Deacon; "the creditors have entered into possession o' the estate, and it's for sale; and some that made the maist by him—I name nae names, but Mrs Mac-Candlish kens wha I mean—(the landlady shook her head significantly) they're sairest on

him e'en now—I have a sma' matter due mysell, but I would rather have lost it than gane to turn the auld man out of his house, and him just dying."

"Aye but," said the parish-clerk, "Mr Glossin wants to get rid of the auld Laird, and drive on the sale for fear the heir-male should cast up upon them—for I have heard say, if there was an heir-male, they could not sell the estate for auld Ellangowan's debt."

"He had a son born a good many years ago," said the stranger; "he is dead, I suppose?"

"Nae man can say for that," said the clerk mysteriously.

"Dead!" said the Deacon, "I'se warrant him dead lang syne; he has not been heard of these twenty years or therebye."

"I wot weel it's no twenty years," said the landlady; "it's no abune seventeen at the outside in this very month; it made an unco noise ower a' this country—the bairn disappeared the very day that Su-

pervisor Kennedy cam by his end.—If ye kend this country lang syne, your honour wad may-be ken Frank Kennedy the Supervisor. He was a heartsome pleasant man, and company for the best gentlemen in the county, and muckle mirth he's made in this house. I was young then, sir, and newly married to Baillie Mac-Candlish, that's dead and gone—(a sigh)—and muckle fun I've had with the Supervisor. He was a daft dog—O an' he could have hadden aff the smugglers a bit! but he was aye venturesome.—And so ye see, sir, there was a king's sloop down in Wigton bay, and Frank Kennedy, he behoved to have her up to chace Dirk Hatteraick's lugger—ye'll mind Dirk Hatteraick, Deacon? I dare say ye may have dealt wi' him—(the Deacon gave a sort of acquiescent nod and humph.) He was a daring chield, and he fought his ship till she blew up like the peelings of onions; and Frank Kennedy he had been the first man to board, and he was flung like a quarter of a mile off,

and fell into the water below the rock at Warroch Point, that they ca' the Gauger's Loup to this day."

"And Mr Bertram's child," said the stranger, "what is all this to him?"

"Ou, sir,—the bairn aye held an unca wark wi' the Supervisor; and it was generally thought he went on board the vessel alang wi' him, as bairns are aye forward to be in mischief."

"No, no," said the Deacon, "ye're clean out there, Luckie—for the young Laird was stown away by a randy gypsy woman they ca'd Meg Merrilies,—I mind her looks weel,—in revenge for Ellangowan having gar'd her be drum'd through Kippletringan for stealing a silver spoon."

"If ye'll forgie me, Deacon," said the precentor, "ye're e'en as far wrang as the gudewife."

"And what is your edition of the story, sir?" said the stranger, turning to him with interest.

"That's may-be no sae canny to tell," said the precentor, with solemnity.

Upon being urged, however, to speak out, he preluded with two or three large puffs of tobacco-smoke, and out of the cloudy sanctuary which these whiffs formed around him, delivered the following legend, having cleared his voice with one or two hems, and imitating, as near as he could, the eloquence which weekly thundered over his head from the pulpit.

"What we are now to deliver, my brethren,—hem,—I mean, my good friends,—was not done in a corner, and may serve as an answer to witch-advocates, atheists, and misbelievers of all kinds.—Ye must know that the worshipful Laird of Ellangowan was not so preceese as he might have been in clearing his land of witches, (concerning whom it is said, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,') nor of those who had familiar spirits, and consulted with divination and sorcery, and lots, which is the fashion with the Egyptians,

as they call themselves, and other unhappy bodies, in this our country. And the Laird was three years married without having a family—and he was so left to himsell, that it was thought he held ower muckle trocking and communing wi' that Meg Merrilies, wha was the most notorious witch in all Galloway and Dumfriesshire baith."

"Aweel I wot there's something in that," said Mrs Mac-Candlish; "I've kend him order her twa glasses o' brandy in this very house."

"Aweel, gude wife, the less I lee—Sae the lady was wi' bairn at last, and in the night when she should have been delivered, there comes to the door of the ha' house—the Place of Ellangowan as they ca'd—an ancient man, strangely habited, and asked for quarters. His head, and his legs, and his arms, were bare, although it was winter time o' the year, and he had a grey beard three quarters lang. Weel, he was admitted; and when the lady was

delivered, he craved to know the very moment of the hour of the birth, and he went out and consulted the stars. And when he came back, he tell'd the Laird, that the Evil One wad have power over the knave-bairn that was that night born, and he charged him that the babe should be bred up in the ways of piety, and that he should aye hae a godly minister at his elbow, to pray *wi'* the bairn and *for* him. And the aged man vanished away, and no man of this country ever saw mair o' him."

"Now, that will not pass," said the postillion, who, at a respectful distance, was listening to the conversation, "begging Mr Skreigh's and the company's pardon,—there was no sae mony hairs on the warlock's face as there's on his ain at this moment; and he had as gude a pair o' boots as a man need striek on his legs, and gloves too;—and I should understand boots by this time, I think."——

"Whisht, Jock," said the landlady.—"What do ye ken of the matter, friend

Jabos?" said the Precentor contemptuously.

"No mickle, to be sure, Mr Skreigh—only that I lived within a penny-stane cast o' the head o' the avenue at Ellangowan, when a man cam jingling to our door that night the young Laird was born, and my mother sent me, that was a hafflin callant, to shew the stranger the gate to the Place, which, if he had been such a warlock, he might hae kend himsell, ane wad think—and he was a young, weel-faur'd, weel-dressed man, like an Englishman. And I tell ye he had as gude a hat, and boots, and gloves, as ony gentleman need to have. To be sure he *did* gie an awesome glance up at the auld castle—and there was some spae-wark gaed on—I aye heard that; but as for his vanishing, I held the stirrup mysell when he gaed away, and he gied me a round half-crown—he was riding on a haick they ca'd Souple Sam—it belanged to the George at Dumfries—it was a blood-bay beast, very

ill o' the spavin—I hae seen the beast baith before and since."

"Aweel, aweel, Jock," answered Mr Skreigh, with a tone of mild solemnity, "our accounts differ in no material particulars; but I had no knowledge that ye had seen the man—So ye see, my friends, that this sooth-sayer having prognosticated evil to the boy, his father engaged a godly minister to be with him morn and night."

"Aye, that was him they ca'd Dominie Sampson," said the postillion.

"He's but a dumb dog, that," observed the Deacon; "I have heard that he never could preach five words of a sermon endlang, for as lang as he has been licensed."

"Weel, but," said the Precentor, waving his hand, as if eager to retrieve the command of the discourse, "he waited on the young Laird by night and day. Now, it chanced, when the bairn was near five years auld, that the Laird had a sight of his errors, and determined to put these Egyptians aff his ground; and he caused them

to remove; and that Frank Kennedy, that was a rough swearing fellow, he was sent to turn them aff. And he cursed and damned at them, and they swore at him, and that Meg Merrilies, that was the maist powerful with the Enemy of Mankind, she as gude as said she would have him body and soul before three days were ower his head. And I have it from a sure hand, and that's ane wha saw it, and that's John Wilson that was the Laird's groom, that Meg appeared to the Laird as he was riding hame from Singleside over Gibbie's-know, and threatened him wi' what she wad do to his family—but whether it was Meg, or something warse in her likeness, for it seemed bigger than ony mortal creature—John could not say."

"Aweel," said the postillion, "it might be sae—I canna say against it, for I was not in the country at the time—but John Wilson was a blustering kind of fellow, without the heart of a sprug."

"And what was the end of all this?" said the stranger, with some impatience.

"Ou, the event and upshot of it was, sir," said the Precentor, "that while they were all looking on, beholding a king's ship chase a smuggler, this Kennedy suddenly brake away frae them without ony reason that could be descried—ropes nor tows wad not hae held him—and made for the wood of Warroch as fast as his beast could carry him; and by the way he met the young Laird and his governor, and he snatched up the bairn, and swore, if *he* was bewitched, the bairn should hae the same luck as him—and the minister followed as fast as he could, and almaist as fast as them, for he was wonderfully swift of foot—and he saw Meg the witch, or her master in her similitude, rise suddenly out of the ground, and claught the bairn suddenly out of the gauger's arms—and then he rampauged and drew his sword—for ye ken a fie man and a cusser fears na the deil."

"I believe that's very true," said the postillion.

"So, sir, she grippit him, and clodded him

like a stane from the sling ower the craigs of Warroch-head, where he was found that evening—but what became of the babe, frankly I cannot say. But he that was minister here then, that's now in a better place, had an opinion, that the bairn was only conveyed to Fairy-land for a season."——

The stranger had smiled slightly at some parts of this recital, but ere he could answer, the clatter of a horse's hoofs were heard, and a smart servant, handsomely dressed, with a cockade in his hat, bustled into the kitchen, with "make a little room, good people;" when, observing the stranger, he descended at once into the modest and civil domestic, his hat sunk down by his side, and he put a letter into his master's hands. "The family at Ellangowan, sir, are in great distress, and unable to receive any visits."

"I know it," replied his master: "And now, madam, if you will have the goodness to allow me to occupy the parlour you

mentioned, as you are disappointed of your guests"——

"Certainly, sir," said Mrs Mac-Candlish, and lighted the way with all the imperative bustle which an active landlady loves to display upon such occasions.

"Young man," said the Deacon to the servant, filling a glass, "ye'll no be the warse of this after your ride."

"Not a feather, sir—your very good health."

"And wha may your master be, friend?"

"What, the gentleman that was here?—that's the famous Colonel Mannering, from the East Indies."

"What, him we read of in the newspapers?"

"Aye, aye, just the same. It was he relieved Cuddieburn, and defended Chingalore, and defeated the great Mahratta chief, Ram Jolli Bundleman—I was with him in most of his campaigns."

"Lord safe us," said the landlady, "I

must go see what he would have for supper—that I should set him down here!"

"O, he likes that all the better, mother; —you never saw a plainer creature in your life than the Colonel; and yet he has a spice of the devil in him too."

The rest of the evening conversation below stairs, tending little to edification, we shall, with the reader's leave, step up to the parlour.

CHAPTER XII.

——— Reputation?——that's man's idol
Set up against God, the Maker of all laws,
Who hath commanded us we should not kill,
And yet we say we must, for Reputation!
What honest man can either fear his own,
Or else will hurt another's reputation,?
Fear to do base and unworthy things is valour;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valour too.——

BEN JONSON.

THE Colonel was walking pensively up and down the parlour, when the officious landlady re-entered to take his commands. Having given them in the manner he thought would be most acceptable "for the good of the house," he begged to detain her a moment.

"I think," he said, "madam, if I understood the good people right, Mr Bertram lost his son in his fifth year?"

"O ay, sir, there's nae doubt o' that, though there are mony idle clashes about the way and manner; for it's an auld story now, and every body tells it, as we were doing, their ain way by the ingle-side. But lost the bairn was in his fifth year, as your honour says, Colonel; and the news being rashly told to the lady, then great with child, cost her her life that samyn night—and the Laird never throve after that day, but was just careless of every thing—though, when his daughter Miss Lucy grew up, she tried to keep order within doors—but what could she do, poor thing?—so now they're out of house and hauld."

"Can you recollect, madam, about what time of the year the child was lost?" The landlady, after a pause, and some recollection, answered, "she was positive it was about this season;" and added some local recollections that fixed the date in her memory, as occurring about the beginning of November, 17—.

The stranger took two or three turns

round the room in silence, but signed to Mrs Mac-Candlish not to leave it.

"Did I rightly apprehend," he said, "that the estate of Ellangowan is in the market?"

"In the market?—it will be sell'd the morn to the highest bidder—that's no the morn, Lord help me! which is the Sabbath, but on Monday, the first free day; and the furniture and stocking is to be roupit at the same time on the ground—it's the opinion of the haill country, that the sale has been shamefully forced on at this time, when there's sae little money stirring in Scotland wi' this weary American war, that somebody may get the land a bargain—Deil be in them, that I should say sae!"—the good lady's wrath rising at the supposed injustice.

"And where will the sale take place?"

"On the premises, as the advertisement says—that's at the house of Ellangowan, as I understand it."

"And who exhibits the title-deeds, rent-roll, and plan?"

"A very decent man, sir; the sheriff

substitute of the county, who has authority from the Court of Session. He's in the town just now, if your honour would like to see him; and he can tell you mair about the loss of the bairn than ony body, for the sheriff depute (that's his principal like,) took much pains to come at the truth o' that matter, as I have heard."

"And this gentleman's name is?"—

"Mac-Morlan, sir,—he's a man o' character, and weel spoken o'."

"Send my compliments—Colonel Mannering's compliments—to him, and I would be glad he would do me the pleasure of supping with me, and bring these papers with him—and I beg, good madam, you will say nothing of this to any one else."

"Me, sir? ne'er a word shall I say—I wish your honour, (a curtsey) or ony honourable gentleman that's fought for his country, (another curtsey) had the land, since the auld family maun quit, (a sigh) rather than that wily scoundrel, Glossin, that's risen on the ruin of the best friend

he ever had—and now I think on't, I'll slip on my hood and pattens, and gang to Mr Mac-Morlan mysell—he's at hame e'en now—it's hardly a step."

"Do so, my good landlady, and many thanks—and bid my servant step here with my portfolio in the mean time."

In a minute or two, Colonel Mannering was quietly seated with his writing materials before him. We have the privilege of looking over his shoulder as he writes, and we willingly communicate its substance to our readers. The letter was addressed to Arthur Mervyn, Esq. of Mervyn-Hall, Llanbraithwaite, Westmoreland. It contained some account of the writer's previous journey since parting with him, and then proceeded as follows:

"And now, why will you still upbraid me with my melancholy, Mervyn?—Do you think, after the lapse of twenty-five years, battles, wounds, imprisonment, misfortunes of every description, I can be still the same lively unbroken Guy Man-

nering, who climbed Skiddaw with you, or shot grouse upon Crossfell? That you, who have remained in the bosom of domestic happiness, experience little change; that your step is as light, and your fancy as full of sunshine, is a blessed effect of health and temperament, co-operating with content and a smooth current down the course of life. But *my* career has been one of difficulties, and doubts, and errors. From my infancy I have been the sport of accident, and though the wind has often borne me into harbour, it has seldom been into that which the pilot destined. Let me recall to you—but the task must be brief—the odd and wayward fates of my youth, and the misfortunes of my manhood.

"The former, you will say, had nothing very appalling. All was not for the best; but all was tolerable. My father, the eldest son of an ancient but reduced family, left me with little, save the name of the head of the house, to the protection

of his more fortunate brothers. They were so fond of me that they almost quarrelled about me. My uncle, the bishop, would have had me in orders, and offered me a living—my uncle, the merchant, would have put me into a counting.house, and proposed to give me a share in the thriving concern of Mannering and Marshal, in Lombard Street—So, between these two stools, or rather these two soft, easy, well-stuffed chairs of divinity and commerce, my unfortunate person slipped down, and pitched upon a dragoon saddle. Again, the bishop wished me to marry the niece and heiress of the Dean of Lincoln; and my uncle, the alderman, proposed to me the only daughter of old Sloethorn, the great wine-merchant, rich enough to play at span-counter with moidores, and make thread-papers of bank notes—and somehow I slipped my neck out of both nooses, and married—poor—poor Sophia Wellwood.

"You will say, my military career in India, when I followed my regiment there,

should have given me some satisfaction, and so it assuredly has. You will remind me also, that if I disappointed the hopes of my guardians, I did not incur their displeasure—that the bishop, at his death, bequeathed me his blessing, his manuscript sermons, and a curious portfolio, containing the heads of eminent divines of the church of England; and that my uncle, Sir Paul Mannering, left me sole heir and executor to his large fortune. Yet all this availeth me nothing—I told you I had that upon my mind which I should carry to my grave with me, a perpetual aloes in the draught of existence. I will tell you the cause more in detail than I had the heart to do while under your hospitable roof. You will often hear it mentioned, and perhaps with different and unfounded circumstances. I will, therefore, speak it out, and let the event itself, and the sentiments of melancholy with which it has impressed me, never again be subject of discussion between us.

"Sophia, as you well know, followed me to India. She was as innocent as gay; but, unfortunately for us both, as gay as innocent. My own manners were partly formed by studies I had forsaken, and habits of seclusion, not quite consistent with my situation as commandant of a regiment, in a country where universal hospitality is offered and expected by every settler claiming the rank of a gentleman. In a moment of peculiar pressure, (you know how hard we were sometimes run to obtain white faces to countenance our line of battle) a young man, named Brown, joined our regiment as a volunteer, and, finding the military duty more to his fancy than commerce, in which he had been engaged, remained with us as a cadet.—Let me do my unhappy victim justice—he behaved with such gallantry on every occasion that offered, that the first vacant commission was considered as his due. I was absent for some weeks upon a distant expedition;—when I re-

turned, I found this young fellow established quite as the friend of the house, and habitual attendant of my wife and daughter. It was an arrangement which displeased me in many particulars, though no objection could be made to his manners or character—Yet I might have been reconciled to his familiarity in my family, but for the suggestions of another. If you read over—what I never dare open—the play of Othello, you will have some idea of what followed—I mean of my motives—my actions, thank God! were less reprehensible. There was another cadet ambitious of the vacant situation. He called my attention to what he led me to term coquetry between my wife and this young man. Sophia was virtuous, but proud of her virtue; and, irritated by my jealousy, she was so imprudent as to press and encourage an intimacy which she saw I disapproved and regarded with suspicion. Between Brown and me there existed a sort of internal dislike. He made

an effort or two to overcome my prejudice; but, prepossessed as I was, I placed them to a wrong motive. Feeling himself repulsed, and with scorn, he desisted; and as he was without family and friends, he was naturally more watchful of the deportment of one who had both.

"It is odd with what torture I write this letter. I feel inclined, nevertheless, to protract the operation, just as if my doing so could put off the catastrophe which has long embittered my life. But —— it must be told, and it shall be told briefly.

"My wife, though no longer young, was still eminently handsome, and—let me say thus far in my own justification—she was fond of being thought so. I am repeating what I said before—In a word, of her virtue I never entertained a doubt; but, pushed on by the artful suggestions of Archer, I thought she cared little for my peace of mind, and that the young fellow, Brown, paid his attentions in my

despite, and in defiance of me. He perhaps considered me, on his part, as an oppressive aristocratic man, who made my rank in society, and in the army, the means of galling those whom circumstances placed beneath me. And if he discovered my silly jealousy, he probably considered the fretting me in that sore point of my character, as one means of avenging the petty indignities to which I had it in my power to subject him. Yet an acute friend of mine gave a more harmless, or at least a less offensive, construction to his attentions, which he conceived to be meant for my daughter Julia, though immediately addressed to propitiate the influence of her mother. This could have been no very flattering or pleasing enterprise on the part of an obscure and nameless young man; but I could not have been offended at this folly as I was at the higher degree of presumption I suspected. Offended, however, I was, and in a mortal degree.

"A very slight spark will kindle a flame where every thing lies open to catch it. I have absolutely forgot the proximate cause of quarrel, but it was some trifle which occurred at the card-table, which occasioned high words and a challenge. We met in the morning beyond the walls and esplanade of the fortress which I then commanded, on the frontiers of the settlement. This was arranged for Brown's safety had he escaped. I almost wish he had, though at my own expence; but he fell by the first fire. We strove to assist him, but some of these *Looties*, a species of native banditti who were always on the watch for prey, poured in upon us. Archer and I gained our horses with difficulty, and cut our way through them after a hard conflict, in the course of which he received some desperate wounds. To complete the misfortunes of this miserable day, my wife, who suspected the design with which I left the fortress, had ordered her palanquin to follow me, and was

alarmed and almost made prisoner by another troop of these plunderers. She was quickly released by a party of our cavalry; but I cannot disguise from myself, that the incidents of this fatal morning gave a severe shock to health already delicate. The confession of Archer, who thought himself dying, that he had invented some circumstances, and, for his purposes, put the worst construction upon others, and the full explanation and exchange of forgiveness which this produced, could not check the progress of her disorder. She died within about eight months after this incident, bequeathing me only the girl, of whom Mrs Mervyn is so good as to undertake the temporary charge. Julia was also extremely ill, so much so, that I was induced to throw up my command and return to Europe, where her native air, time, and the novelty of the scenes around her, have contributed to dissipate her dějection, and to restore her health.

"Now that you know my story, you

will no longer ask me the reason of my melancholy, but permit me to brood upon it as I may. There is, surely, in the above narrative, enough to embitter, though not to poison, the chalice, which the fortune and fame you so often mention had prepared to regale my years of retirement.

"I could add circumstances which our old tutor would have quoted as instances of *day fatality*—you would laugh were I to mention such particulars, especially as you know I put no faith in them. Yet, since I have come to the very house from which I now write, I have learned a singular coincidence, which, if I find it truly established by tolerable evidence, will serve us hereafter for subject of curious discussion. But I will spare you at present, as I expect a person to speak about a purchase of property now open in this part of the country. It is a place to which I have a foolish partiality, and I hope my purchasing may be convenient to those who are parting with it, as there is a plan

for buying it under the value. My respectful compliments to Mrs Mervyn, and I will trust you, though you boast to be so lively a young gentleman, to kiss Julia for me.—Adieu, dear Mervyn.—Thine ever,

"GUY MANNERING."

Mr Mac-Morlan now entered the room. The well-known character of Colonel Mannering at once disposed this gentleman, who was a man of intelligence and probity, to be open and confidential. He explained the advantages and disadvantages of the property. "It was settled," he said, "the greater part of it at least, upon heirs-male, and the purchaser would have the privilege of retaining in his hands a large proportion of the price, in case of the reappearance, within a certain limited term, of the child who had disappeared."

"To what purpose, then, force forward a sale?" said Mannering.

Mac-Morlan smiled. "Ostensibly," he

said, "to substitute the interest of money, instead of the ill-paid and precarious rents of an unimproved estate; but chiefly, it was supposed, to suit the wishes and views of a certain intended purchaser, who had become a principal creditor, and forced himself into the management of the affairs by means best known to himself, and who, it was thought, would find it very convenient to purchase the estate without paying down the price."

Mannering consulted with Mr Mac-Morlan upon the steps for thwarting this unprincipled attempt. They then conversed long upon the singular disappearance of Harry Bertram upon his fifth birth-day, verifying thus the random prediction of Mannering, of which, however, it will readily be supposed he made no boast. Mr Mac-Morlan was not himself in office when that incident took place; but he was well acquainted with all the circumstances, and promised that our hero should have them detailed by the sheriff-

depute himself, if, as he proposed, he should become a settler in that part of Scotland. With this assurance, they parted well satisfied with each other, and with the evening's conference.

On the Sunday following, Colonel Mannering attended the parish church with great decorum. None of the Ellangowan family were present; and it was understood that the old Laird was rather worse than better. Jock Jabos, once more dispatched for him, returned once more without his errand. Next day Miss Bertram hoped he might be removed.

CHAPTER XIII.

They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune.—
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale;—
There was another, making villainous jests
At thy undoing; he had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments.

OTWAY.

EARLY next morning, Mannering mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his servant, took the road to Ellangowan. He had no need to enquire the way. A sale in the country is a place of public resort and amusement, and people of various descriptions streamed to it from all quarters.

After a pleasant ride of about an hour, the old towers of the ruin presented them-

selves in the landscape. The thoughts with what different feelings he had lost sight of them so many years before, thronged upon the mind of the traveller. The landscape was the same; but how changed the feelings, hopes, and views, of the spectator! Then, life and love were new, and all the prospect was gilded by their rays. And now, disappointed in affection, sated with fame, and what the world calls success, his mind goaded by bitter and repentant recollection, his best hope was to find a retirement in which he might nurse the melancholy that was to accompany him to his grave. "Yet why should an individual mourn over the instability of his hopes, and the vanity of his prospects? The ancient chiefs, who erected these enormous and massive towers to be the fortress of their race, and the seat of their power, could they have dreamed the day was to come, when the last of their descendants should be expelled, a ruined wanderer, from his posses-

sions! But Nature's bounties are unaltered. The sun will shine as fair on these ruins, whether the property of a stranger, or of a sordid and obscure trickster of the abused law, as when the banners of the founder first waved upon their battlements."

These reflections brought Mannering to the door of the house, which was that day open to all. He entered among others, who traversed the apartments, some to select articles for purchase, others to gratify their curiosity. There is something melancholy in such a scene, even under the most favourable circumstances. The confused state of the furniture, displaced for the convenience of being easily viewed and carried off by the purchasers, is disagreeable to the eye. Those articles which, properly and decently arranged, look creditable and handsome, have then a paltry and wretched appearance; and the apartments, stripped of all that render them commodious and comfortable, have an as-

pect of ruin and dilapidation. It is disgusting also, to see the scenes of domestic society and seclusion thrown open to the gaze of the curious and the vulgar; to hear their coarse speculations and jests upon the fashions and furniture to which they are unaccustomed,—a frolicksome humour much cherished by the whiskey which in Scotland is always put in circulation upon such occasions. All these are ordinary effects of such a scene as Ellangowan now presented; but the moral feeling, that, in this case, they indicated the total ruin of an ancient and honourable family, gave them treble weight and poignancy.

It was some time before Colonel Mannering could find any one disposed to answer his reiterated questions concerning Ellangowan himself. At length, an old maid-servant, who held her apron to her eyes as she spoke, told him, "the Laird was something better, and they hoped he would be able to leave the house that

day. Miss Lucy expected the chaise every moment, and, as the day was fine for the time o' year, they had carried him in his easy chair up to the green before the auld castle, to be out of the way of this unca spectacle." Hither Colonel Mannering went in quest of him, and soon came in sight of the little group, which consisted of four persons. The ascent was steep, so that he had time to reconnoitre them as he advanced, and to consider in what mode he should make his address.

Mr Bertram, paralytick, and almost incapable of moving, occupied his easy chair, attired in his night-cap, and a loose camlet coat, his feet wrapped in blankets. Behind him, with his hands crossed on the cane on which he rested, stood Dominie Sampson, whom Mannering recognised at once. Time had made no change upon him, unless that his black coat seemed more brown, and his gaunt cheeks more lank, than when Mannering last saw him. On

one side of the old man was a sylph-like form—a young woman of about seventeen, whom the Colonel accounted to be his daughter. She was looking, from time to time, anxiously towards the avenue, as if expecting the post-chaise; and between whiles busied herself in adjusting the blankets, so as to protect her father from the cold, and in answering enquiries, which he seemed to make with a captious and querulous manner. She did not trust herself to look towards the Place, as it was called, although the hum of the assembled crowd must have drawn her attention in that direction. The fourth person of the group was a handsome and genteel young man, who seemed to share Miss Bertram's anxiety, and her solicitude to sooth and accommodate her parent.

This young man was the first who observed Colonel Mannering, and immediately stepped forward to meet him, as if politely to prevent his drawing nearer to the distressed group. Mannering instant-

ly paused and explained. "He was," he said, "a stranger, to whom Mr Bertram had formerly shewn kindness and hospitality; he would not have intruded himself upon him at a period of distress, did it not seem to be in some degree a moment also of desertion; he wished merely to offer such services as might be in his power to Mr Bertram and the young lady."

He then paused at a little distance from the chair. His old acquaintance gazed at him with lack-lustre eye, that intimated no tokens of recognition—the Dominie seemed too deeply sunk in distress even to observe his presence. The young man spoke aside with Miss Bertram, who advanced timidly, and thanked Mr Mannering for his goodness; "but," she said, the tears gushing fast into her eyes—"her father, she feared, was not so much himself as to be able to remember him."

She then retreated towards the chair, accompanied by the Colonel.—"Father,"

she said, "this is Mr Mannering, an old friend, come to enquire after you."

"He's very heartily welcome,"—said the old man, raising himself in his chair, and attempting a gesture of courtesy, while a gleam of hospitable satisfaction seemed to pass over his faded features; "but, Lucy, my dear, let us go down to the house, you should not keep the gentleman here in the cold;—Dominie, take the key of the wine-cooler. Mr a—a—the gentleman will take something after his ride."—

Mannering was unspeakably affected by the contrast which his recollection made between this reception and that with which he had been greeted by the same individual when they last met. He could not restrain his tears, and his evident emotion at once attained him the confidence of the friendless young lady.

"Alas!" said she, "this is distressing even to a stranger;—but it may be better for my poor father to be in this way, than if he knew and could feel all."

A servant in livery now came up the path, and spoke in an under tone to the young gentleman—" Mr Charles, my lady's wanting you yonder sadly, to bid for her for the black ebony cabinet; and Lady Jean Devorgoil is wi' her an a'—ye maun come away directly."

" Tell them you could not find me, Tom, or, stay—say I am looking at the horses."

" No, no, no,—"said Lucy Bertram earnestly; " if you would not add to the misery of this miserable moment, go to the company directly.—This gentleman, I am sure, will see us to the carriage."

" Unquestionably, madam," said Mannering, " your young friend may rely on my attention."

" Farewell, then," said Mr Charles, and whispered a word in her ear—then ran down the steep hastily, as if not trusting his resolution at a slower pace.

" Where's Charles Hazlewood running," said the invalid, who apparently was accustomed to his presence and attentions;

"where's Charles Hazlewood running—what takes him away now?"

"He'll return in a little while," said Lucy gently.

The sound of voices was now heard from the ruins. The reader may remember there was a communication between the castle and the beach, up which the speakers had ascended.

"Yes—there's plenty of shells and sea-ware, as you observe—and if one inclined to build a new house, which might indeed be necessary, there's a great deal of good hewn stone about this old dungeon for the devil here"——

"Good God!" said Miss Bertram hastily to Sampson, "'tis that wretch Glossin's voice—if my father sees him, it will kill him outright!"

Sampson wheeled perpendicularly round, and moved with long strides to confront the attorney, as he issued from beneath the portal arch of the ruin. "Avoid ye!"

he said—"Avoid ye! would'st thou kill and take possession?"

"Come, come, Master Dominie Sampson," answered Glossin insolently, "if ye cannot preach in the pulpit, we'll have no preaching here. We go by the law, my good friend—we leave the gospel to you."

The very mention of this man's name had been of late a subject of the most violent irritation to the unfortunate patient. The sound of his voice now produced an instantaneous effect. Mr Bertram started up without assistance, and turned round towards him; the ghastliness of his features forming a strange contrast with the violence of his exclamation.—"Out of my sight, ye viper!—ye frozen viper, that I warmed till ye stung me!—Art thou not afraid that the walls of my father's dwelling should fall and crush thee limb and bone?—Are ye not afraid the very lintels of the door of Ellangowan castle should break open and swallow you up!—Were ye not friendless,

—houseless,—pennyless,—when I took ye by the hand—and are ye not expelling me —me, and that innocent girl—friendless, houseless, and pennyless, from the house that has sheltered us and ours for a thousand years?"

Had Glossin been alone, he would probably have slunk off; but the consciousness that a stranger was present, besides the person who came with him (a sort of land-surveyor,) determined him to resort to impudence. The task, however, was almost too hard, even for his effrontery—"Sir—Sir—Mr Bertram—Sir, you should not blame me, but your own imprudence, sir"——

The indignation of Mannering was mounting very high. "Sir," he said to Glossin, "without entering into the merits of this controversy, I must inform you, that you have chosen a very improper place, time, and presence, for it. And you will oblige me by withdrawing without more words."

Glossin being a tall, strong, muscular man, was not unwilling rather to turn upon a stranger whom he hoped to bully, than maintain his wretched cause against his injured patron—" I do not know who you are, sir, and I shall permit no man to use such d—d freedom with me."

Mannering was naturally hot-tempered —his eyes flashed a dark light—he compressed his nether lip so closely that the blood sprung, and, approaching Glossin— " Look you, sir," he said, " that you do not know me is of no consequence. *I know you;* and, if you do not instantly descend that bank, without uttering a single syllable, by the Heaven that is above us, you shall make but one step from the top to the bottom."

The commanding tone of rightful anger silenced at once the ferocity of the bully. He hesitated, turned on his heel, and, muttering something between his teeth about unwillingness to alarm the lady, relieved them of his hateful company.

Mrs Mac-Candlish's postillion, who had come up in time to hear what passed, said aloud, " If he had stuck by the way, I would have lent him a heezie, the dirty scoundrel, as willingly as ever I pitched a boddle."

He then stepped forward to announce that his horses were in readiness for the invalid and his daughter.

But they were no longer necessary. The debilitated frame of Mr Bertram was exhausted by this last effort of indignant anger, and when he sunk again upon his chair, he expired almost without a struggle or groan. So little alteration did the extinction of the vital spark make upon his external appearance, that the screams of his daughter, when she saw his eye fix and felt his pulse stop, first announced his death to the spectators.

CHAPTER XIV.

The bell strikes one,—we take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound——

YOUNG.

THE moral, which the poet has rather quaintly deduced from the necessary mode of measuring time, may be well applied to our feelings respecting that portion of it which constitutes human life. We observe the aged, the infirm, and those engaged in occupations of immediate hazard, trembling as it were upon the very brink of non-existence, but we derive no lesson from the precariousness of their tenure until it has altogether failed. Then, for a moment at least,

Our hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what ?—a fathomless abyss,
A dark eternity, how surely ours !——

The crowd of assembled gazers and idlers at Ellangowan had followed the views of amusement, or what they called business, which brought them there, with little regard to the feelings of those who were suffering upon that occasion. Few, indeed, knew any thing of the family. The father, betwixt seclusion, misfortune, and imbecillity, had drifted, as it were, for many years, out of the notice of his contemporaries—the daughter had never been known to them. But when the general murmur announced that the unfortunate Mr Bertram had broken his heart in the effort to leave the mansion of his forefathers, there poured forth a torrent of sympathy, like the waters from the rock when stricken by the wand of the prophet. The ancient descent and unblemished integrity

of the family were respectfully remembered; above all, the sacred veneration due to misfortune, which in Scotland seldom demands its tribute in vain, then claimed and received it.

Mr Mac-Morlan hastily announced, that he would suspend all further proceedings in the sale of the estate and other property, and relinquish the possession of the premises to the young lady, until she could consult with her friends, and provide for the burial of her father.

Glossin had cowered for a few minutes under the general expression of sympathy, till, hardened by observing that no appearance of popular indignation was directed his way, he had the audacity to require that the sale should proceed.

"I will take it upon my own authority to adjourn it," said the Sheriff-substitute, "and will be responsible for the consequences. I will also give due notice when it is again to go forward. It is for the benefit of all concerned that the lands should

bring the highest price the state of the market will admit, and this is surely no time to expect it—I will take the responsibility upon myself."

Glossin left the room and the house too with secrecy and dispatch; and it was probably well for him that he did so, since our friend Jock Jabos was already haranguing a numerous tribe of bare-legged boys on the propriety of pelting him off the estate.

Some of the rooms were hastily put in order for the reception of the young lady, and of her father's dead body. Mannering now found his farther interference would be unnecessary, and might be misconstrued. He observed, too, that several families connected with that of Ellangowan, and who indeed derived their principal claim of gentility from the alliance, were now disposed to pay to their trees of genealogy a tribute, which the adversity of their supposed relatives had been inadequate to call forth; and that the honour of superin-

tending the funeral rites of the dead Godfrey Bertram (as in the memorable case of Homer's birth-place) was likely to be debated by seven gentlemen of rank and fortune, none of whom had offered him an asylum while living. He therefore resolved, as his presence was altogether useless, to make a short tour of a fortnight, at the end of which period the adjourned sale of the estate of Ellangowan was to proceed.

But before he departed, he solicited an interview with the Dominie. The poor man appeared, upon being informed a gentleman wanted to speak to him, with some expression of surprise in his gaunt features, to which recent sorrow had given an expression yet more grisly. He made two or three profound reverences to Mannering, and then, standing erect, patiently waited an explanation of his commands.

"You are probably at a loss to guess, Mr Sampson," said Mannering, "what a stranger may have to say to you?"

"Unless it were to request, that I would

undertake to train up some youth in polite letters, and humane learning—but I cannot—I cannot—I have yet a task to perform."—

"No, Mr Sampson, my wishes are not so ambitious. I have no son, and my only daughter, I presume, you would not consider as a fit pupil."

"Of a surety, no. Nathless, it was I who did educate Miss Lucy in all useful learning,—albeit it was the housekeeper who did teach her those unprofitable exercises of hemming and shaping."

'Well, sir, it is of Miss Lucy I meant to speak—you have, I presume, no recollection of me?"

Sampson, always sufficiently absent in mind, neither remembered the astrologer of past years, nor even the stranger who had taken his patron's part against Glossin, so much had his friend's sudden death embroiled his ideas.

"Well, that does not signify—I am an old acquaintance of the late Mr Bertram,

able and willing to assist his daughter in her present circumstances. Besides, I have thoughts of making this purchase, and I should wish things kept in order about the Place; will you have the goodness to apply this small sum in the usual family expences?"—He put into the Dominie's hand a purse containing some gold.

"Pro-di-gi-ous!" exclaimed Dominie Sampson. "But if your honour would tarry"——

"Impossible, sir—impossible," said Mannering, making his escape from him.

"Pro-di-gi-ous!" again exclaimed Sampson, following to the head of the stairs, still holding out the purse. "But as touching this coined money"——

Mannering escaped down stairs as fast as possible.

"Pro-di-gi-ous!" exclaimed Dominie Sampson, yet the third time, now standing at the first door. "But as touching this coined"——

But Mannering was now on horseback,

and out of hearing. The Dominie, who had never, either in his own right, or as trustee for another, been possessed of a quarter part of this sum, though it was not above twenty guineas, "took counsel," as he expressed himself, "how he should demean himself with respect unto the fine gold" then left in his charge. Fortunately he found a disinterested adviser in Mac-Morlan, who pointed out the most proper means of disposing of it for contributing to Miss Bertram's convenience, being no doubt the purpose to which it was destined by the bestower.

Many of the neighbouring gentry were now sincerely eager in pressing offers of hospitality and kindness upon Miss Bertram. But she felt a natural reluctance to enter any family, for the first time, as an object rather of benevolence than hospitality, and determined to wait the opinion and advice of her father's nearest female relation, Mrs Margaret Bertram of Single-

side, an old unmarried lady, to whom she wrote an account of her present distressful situation.

The funeral of the late Mr Bertram was performed with decent privacy, and the unfortunate young lady was now to consider herself as but the temporary tenant of the house in which she had been born, and where her patience and soothing attentions had so long "rocked the cradle of declining age." Her communication with Mr Mac-Morlan encouraged her to hope, that she would not be suddenly or unkindly deprived of this asylum; but fortune had ordered otherwise.

For two days before the appointed day for the sale of the lands and estate of Ellangowan, Mac-Morlan daily expected the appearance of Colonel Mannering, or at least a letter containing powers to act for him. But none such arrived. Mr Mac-Morlan waked early in the morning,—walked over to the Post-office,—there were no

letters for him. He endeavoured to persuade himself that he should see Colonel Mannering to breakfast, and ordered his wife to place her best china, and prepare herself accordingly. But the preparations were in vain. "Could I have foreseen this," he said, "I would have travelled Scotland over, but I would have found some one to bid against Glossin." Alas! such reflections were all too late. The appointed hour arrived; and the parties met in the Mason's Lodge at Kippletringan, being the place fixed for the adjourned sale. Mac-Morlan spent as much time in preliminaries as decency would permit, and read over the articles of sale as slowly as if he had been reading his own death-warrant. He turned his eye every time the door of the room opened, with hopes which grew fainter and fainter. He listened to every noise in the street of the village, and endeavoured to distinguish in it the noise of hoofs or wheels. It was all

in vain. A bright idea then occurred, that Colonel Mannering might have employed some other person in the transaction—he would not have wasted a moment's thought upon the want of confidence in himself, which such a manœuvre would have evinced. But this hope also was groundless. After a solemn pause, Mr Glossin offered the upset price for the lands and barony of Ellangowan. No reply was made, and no competitor appeared; so, after a lapse of the usual interval by the running of a sand-glass, upon the intended purchaser entering the proper sureties, Mr Mac-Morlan was obliged, in technical terms, to "find and declare the sale lawfully completed, and to prefer the said Gilbert Glossin as the purchaser of the said lands and estate." The honest writer refused to partake of a splendid entertainment with which Gilbert Glossin, Esquire, now of Ellangowan, treated the rest of the company, and returned home in huge bitterness of spirit,

which he vented in complaints against the fickleness and caprice of these Indian Nabobs, who never knew what they would be at for ten days together. Fortune generously determined to take the blame upon herself, and cut off even this vent of Mr Mac-Morlan's resentment.

An express arrived about six o'clock at night, " very particularly drunk," the maid servant said, with a packet from Colonel Mannering, dated four days back, at a town about a hundred miles distance from Kippletringan, containing full powers to Mr Mac-Morlan, or any one whom he might employ, to make the intended purchase, and stating, that some family business of consequence called the Colonel himself to Westmoreland, where a letter would find him, addressed to the care of Arthur Mervyn, Esq. of Mervyn Hall.

Mac-Morlan, in the transport of his wrath, flung the power of attorney at the head of the innocent maid-servant, and was only forcibly with-held from horse-

whipping the rascally messenger, by whose sloth and drunkenness the disappointment had taken place.

CHAPTER XV.

My gold is gone, my money is spent,
My land now take it unto thee.
Give me thy gold, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be.

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he caste him a gods pennie;
But for every pounde that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

HEIR OF LINNE.

THE Galwegian John o' the Scales was a more clever fellow than his prototype. He contrived to make himself heir of Linne without the disagreeable ceremony of "telling down the good red gold." Miss Bertram no sooner heard this painful, and of late unexpected intelligence, than she proceeded on the preparations she had already made for leaving the mansion-house immediately. Mr Mac-

Morlan assisted her in these arrangements, and pressed upon her so kindly the hospitality and protection of his roof, until she should receive an answer from her cousin, or be enabled to adopt some settled plan of life, that she felt there would be unkindness in refusing an invitation urged with such earnestness. Mrs Mac Morlan was a lady-like person, and well qualified by birth and manners to receive the visit, and to make her house agreeable to Miss Bertram. A home, therefore, and an hospitable reception, were secured to her, and she went on, with better heart, to pay the wages and receive the adieus of the few domestics of her father's family.

Where there are estimable qualities on either side, this task is always affecting—the present circumstances rendered it doubly so. All received their due, and even a trifle more, and with thanks and good wishes, to which some added tears, took farewell of their young mistress. There remained in the parlour only Mr Mac-Mor-

lan, who came to attend his guest to his house, Dominie Sampson, and Miss Bertram. "And now," said the poor girl, "I must bid farewell to one of my oldest and kindest friends—God bless you, Mr Sampson, and requite to you all the kindness of your instructions to your poor pupil, and your friendship to him that is gone—I hope I shall often hear from you." She slid into his hand a paper containing some pieces of gold, and rose, as if to leave the room.

Dominie Sampson also rose; but it was to stand aghast with utter astonishment. The idea of parting from Miss Lucy, go where she might, had never once occurred to the simplicity of his understanding.—He laid the money on the table. "It is certainly inadequate," said Mac-Morlan, mistaking his meaning, "but the circumstances"——

Mr Sampson waved his hand impatiently—"It is not the lucre—it is not the lucre—but that I, that have eat of her fa-

ther's loaf, and drunk of his cup, for twenty years and more—to think that I am going to leave her—and to leave her in distress and dolour—No, Miss Lucy, you need never think it! You would not consent to put forth your father's poor dog, and would you use me warse than a messan?—No, Miss Lucy Bertram, while I live I will not separate from you—I'll be no burthen—I have thought how to prevent that. But, as Ruth said unto Naomi, 'Intreat me not to leave thee, nor to depart from thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou dwellest I will dwell; thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried —The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death do part thee and me."—

During this speech, the longest ever Dominie Sampson was known to utter, the affectionate creature's eyes streamed with tears, and neither Lucy nor MacMorlan could refrain from sympathizing

with this unexpected burst of feeling and attachment. "Mr Sampson," said MacMorlan, after having had recourse to his snuff-box and handkerchief alternately, "my house is large enough, and if you will accept of a bed there, while Miss Bertram honours us with her residence, I shall think myself very happy, and my roof much favoured by receiving a man of your worth and fidelity."

And then with a delicacy, which was meant to remove any objection on Miss Bertram's part to bringing with her this unexpected satellite, he added, "My business requires my frequently having occasion for a better accountant than any of my present clerks, and I should be glad to have recourse to your assistance in that way now and then."

"Of a surety—of a surety," said Sampson eagerly, "I understand book-keeping by double entry and the Italian method."

Our postillion had thrust himself into the room to announce his chaise and

horses; he tarried, unobserved, during this extraordinary scene, and assured Mrs Mac-Candlish it was the most moving thing he ever saw; "the death of the grey mare, puir hizzie, was naething till't." This trifling circumstance afterwards had consequences of greater importance.

The visitors were hospitably welcomed by Mrs Mac-Morlan, to whom, as well as to others, her husband intimated that he had engaged Dominie Sampson's assistance to disentangle some perplexed accounts; during which occupation, he would, for convenience sake, reside with the family. Mr Mac-Morlan's knowledge of the world induced him to put this colour upon the matter, aware, that however honourable the fidelity of the Dominie's attachment might be, both to his own heart and to the family of Ellangowan, his exterior ill qualified him to be a "squire of dames," and rendered him, upon the whole, rather a ridiculous appendage to a beautiful young woman of seventeen.

Dominie Sampson achieved with great zeal such tasks as Mr Mac-Morlan chose to entrust him with: but it was speedily observed, that, at a certain hour after breakfast, he regularly disappeared, and returned again about dinner time. The evening he occupied in the labour of the office. Upon Saturday he appeared before Mac-Morlan with a look of great triumph, and laid on the table two pieces of gold. "What is this for, Dominie?" said Mac-Morlan.

"First to indemnify you of your charges in my behalf, worthy sir—and the balance for the use of Miss Lucy Bertram."

"But, Mr Sampson, your labour in the office much more than recompenses me—I am your debtor, my good friend."

"Then be it all," said the Dominie, waving his hand, "for Miss Lucy Bertram's behoof."

"Well, but Dominie, this money"——

"It is honestly come by, Mr Mac-Morlan—it is the bountiful reward of a young

gentleman to whom I am teaching the tongues—reading with him three hours daily."

A few more questions extracted from the Dominie, that this liberal pupil was young Hazlewood, and that he met his preceptor daily at the house of Mrs Mac-Candlish, whose proclamation of Sampson's disinterested attachment to the young lady had procured him this indefatigable and bounteous scholar.

Mac-Morlan was much struck with what he heard. Dominie Sampson was a very good scholar, and an excellent man, and the classics were unquestionably very well worth reading; yet that a young man of twenty should ride seven miles and back again each day in the week, to hold this sort of *tete-a-tete* of three hours, was a zeal for literature to which he was not prepared to give entire credit. Little art was necessary to sift the Dominie, for the honest man's head never admitted any but the most direct and simple ideas. "Does

Miss Bertram know how your time is engaged, my good friend?"

"Surely not as yet—Mr Charles recommended it should be concealed from her, lest she should scruple to accept of the small assistance arising from it; but," he added, "it would not be possible to conceal it long, since Mr Charles proposed taking his lessons occasionally in this house."

"O, he does!" said Mac-Morlan: "Yes, yes, I can understand that better.—And pray, Mr Sampson, are these three hours entirely spent in construing and translating?"

"Doubtless, no—we have also colloquial intercourse to sweeten study—*neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.*"

The querist proceeded to elicit from this Galloway Phœbus, what their discourse chiefly turned upon.

"Upon our past meetings at Ellangowan—and, truly, I think very often we discourse concerning Miss Lucy—for Mr

Charles Hazlewood, in that particular, resembleth me, Mr Mac-Morlan. When I begin to speak of her I never know when to stop—and, as I say, (jocularly) she cheats us out of half our lessons."

"O ho!" thought Mac-Morlan, "sits the wind in that quarter? I've heard something like this before."

He then began to consider what conduct was safest for his *protegée*, and even for himself; for the senior Mr Hazlewood was powerful, wealthy, ambitious, and vindictive, and looked for both fortune and title in any connection which his son might form. At length, having the highest opinion of his guest's good sense and penetration, he determined to take an opportunity, when they should happen to be alone, to communicate the matter to her as a simple piece of intelligence. He did so in as natural a manner as he could; —"I wish you joy of your friend Mr Sampson's good fortune, Miss Bertram;

he has got a pupil who pays him two guineas for twelve lessons of Greek and Latin."

"Indeed!—I am equally happy and surprised—who can be so liberal?—is Colonel Mannering returned?"

"No, no, not Colonel Mannering; but what do you think of your acquaintance, Mr Charles Hazlewood?—He talks of taking his lessons here—I wish we may have accommodation for him."

Lucy blushed deeply. "For Heaven's sake, no, Mr Mac-Morlan—do not let that be—Charles Hazlewood has had enough of mischief about that already."

"About the classics, my dear young lady?—most young gentleman have so at one period or another, sure enough; but his present studies are voluntary."

Miss Bertram let the conversation drop, and her host made no effort to renew it, as she seemed to pause upon the intelligence in order to form some internal resolution.

The next day she took an opportunity of conversing with Mr Sampson. Expressing in the kindest manner her grateful thanks for his disinterested attachment, and her joy that he had got such a provision, she hinted to him that his present mode of superintending Charles Hazlewood's studies must be inconvenient to his pupil,—that while that engagement lasted, he had better consent to a temporary separation, and reside either with his scholar, or as near him as might be. Sampson refused, as indeed she had expected, to listen a moment to this proposition—he would not quit her to be made preceptor to the Prince of Wales. "But I see," he added, "you are too proud to share my pittance; and, peradventure, I grow wearisome unto you."

"No indeed—you were my father's ancient, almost his only friend—I am not proud—God knows, I have no reason to be so—you shall do what you judge best

in other matters; but oblige me by telling Mr Charles Hazlewood, that you had some conversation with me concerning his studies, and that I was of opinion, that his carrying them on in this house was altogether impracticable, and not to be thought of."—

Dominie Sampson left her presence altogether crest-fallen, and as he shut the door, could not help muttering the "*varium et mutabile*" of Virgil. Next day he appeared with a very rueful visage, and tendered Miss Bertram a letter.—"Mr Hazlewood," he said, "was to discontinue his lessons, though he had generously made up the pecuniary loss—But how will he make up the loss to himself of the knowledge he might have acquired under my instruction? Even in that one article of writing, he was an hour before he could write that brief note, and destroyed many scrolls, four quills, and some good white paper—I would have taught him in three weeks a firm, current, clear, and legible

hand—he should have been a calligrapher —but God's will be done."

The letter contained but a few lines, deeply regretting and murmuring against Miss Bertram's cruelty, who not only refused to see him, but to permit him in the most indirect manner to hear of her health and contribute to her service. But it concluded with assurances that her severity was vain, and that nothing could shake the attachment of Charles Hazlewood.

Under the active patronage of Mrs Mac-Candlish, Sampson picked up some other scholars—very different indeed from Charles Hazlewood in rank—and whose lessons were proportionally unproductive. Still, however, he gained something, and it was the glory of his heart to carry it to Mr Mac-Morlan weekly, a slight peculium only subtracted, to supply his snuff-box and tobacco-pouch.

And here we must leave Kippletringan

to look after our hero, lest our readers should fear they have lost sight of him for another quarter of a century.

CHAPTER XVI.

Our Polly is a sad slut, nor heeds what we have taught her;
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter;
For when she's drest with care and cost, all tempting fine and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away.

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

AFTER the death of Mr Bertram, Mannering had set out upon a short tour, proposing to return to the neighbourhood of Ellangowan before the sale of that property should take place. He went, accordingly, to Edinburgh and elsewhere, and it was in his return towards the south-western district of Scotland, in which our scene lies, that, at a post-town about a hundred miles from Kippletringan, to which he had requested his friend, Mr Mervyn, to address his letters, he received one from that gentleman, which contained

rather unpleasing intelligence. We have assumed already the privilege of acting *a secretis* to this gentleman, and therefore shall present the reader with an extract from this letter.

"I beg your pardon, my dearest friend, for the pain I have given you, in forcing you to open wounds so festering as those your letter referred to. I have always heard, though erroneously perhaps, that the attentions of Mr Brown were intended for Miss Mannering. But, however that were, it could not be supposed that in your situation his boldness should escape notice and chastisement. Wise men say, that we resign to civil society our natural rights of self-defence, only on condition that the ordinances of law should protect us. Where the price cannot be paid, the resignation takes no place. For instance, no one supposes, that I am not entitled to defend my purse and person against a highwayman, as much as if I were a wild Indian, who

owns neither law nor magistracy. The question of resistance, or submission, must be determined by my means and situation. But if, armed and equal in force, I submit to injustice and violence from any man, high or low, I presume it will hardly be attributed to religious or moral feeling in me, or in any one but a quaker. An aggression on my honour seems to me much the same. The insult, however trifling in itself, is one of much deeper consequence to all views of life than any wrong which can be inflicted by a depredator on the highway, and redress is much less in the power of public jurisprudence, or rather it is entirely beyond its reach. If any man chuses to rob Arthur Mervyn of the contents of his purse, if he has not means of defence, or the skill and courage to use them, the assizes at Lancaster or Carlisle will do him justice by tucking up the robber:—Yet who will say I am bound to wait for this justice, and submit to being plundered in the first instance, if I have myself the

means and spirit to protect my own property? But if an affront is offered to me, submission to which is to tarnish my character for ever with men of honour, and for which the twelve judges of England, with the chancellor to boot, can afford me no redress, by what rule of law or reason am I to be deterred from protecting what ought to be, and is, so infinitely dearer to every man of honour than his whole fortune? Of the religious views of the matter I shall say nothing, until I find a reverend divine who shall condemn self-defence in the article of life and property. If its propriety in that case be generally admitted, I suppose little distinction can be drawn between defence of person and goods, and defence of reputation. That the latter is liable to be assailed by persons of a different rank in life, untainted perhaps in morals, and fair in character, cannot affect my legal right of self-defence. I may be sorry that circumstances have engaged me in personal strife with

such an individual; but I should feel the same sorrow for a generous enemy who fell under my sword in a national quarrel. I shall leave the question with the casuists, however, only observing, that what I have written will not avail either the professed duellist, or he who is the aggressor in a dispute of honour. I only presume to exculpate him who is dragged into the field by such an offence, as, submitted to in patience, would forfeit for ever his rank and estimation in society.

"I am sorry you have thoughts of settling in Scotland, and yet glad that you will still be at no immeasurable distance, and that the latitude is all in our favour. To move to Westmoreland from Devonshire might make an East Indian shudder; but to come to us from Galloway or Dumfries-shire, is a step, though a short one, nearer the sun. Besides, if, as I suspect, the estate in view be connected with the old haunted castle in which you played the astrologer in your northern tour some

four or five-and-twenty years since, I have heard you too often describe the scene with comic unction, to hope you will be deterred from making the purchase. I trust, however, the hospitable gossiping Laird has not run himself upon the shallows, and that his chaplain, whom you so often made us laugh at, is still in *rerum natura.*

"And here, dear Mannering, I wish I could stop, for I have incredible pain in telling the rest of my story, although I am sure I can warrant you against any intentional impropriety on the part of my temporary ward, Julia Mannering. But I must still earn my college nickname of 'Downright Dunstable.' In one word then, here is the matter.

"Your daughter has much of the romantic turn of your disposition, with a little of that love of admiration which all pretty women share less or more. She will besides, apparently, be your heiress; a trifling circumstance to those who view Julia with my eyes, but a prevailing bait

to the specious, artful, and worthless. You know how I have jested with her about her soft melancholy, and lonely walks at morning before any one is up, and in the moon-light when all should be gone to bed, or set down to cards, which is the same thing. The incident which follows may not be beyond the bounds of a joke, but I had rather the jest came from you than me.

"Two or three times during the last fortnight, I heard, at a late hour in the night, or very early in the morning, a flageolet play the little Hindu tune to which your daughter is so partial. I thought for some time that some tuneful domestic, whose taste for music was laid under constraint during the day, chose that silent hour to imitate the strains which he had caught up by the ear during his attendance in the drawing-room. But last night I sat late in my study, which is immediately under Miss Bertram's apartment, and, to my surprise, I not only heard the flageo-

let distinctly, but satisfied myself that it came from the lake under the window. Curious to know who serenaded us at that unusual hour, I stole softly to the window of my apartment. But there were other watchers than I. You may remember, Miss Mannering preferred that apartment on account of a balcony which opened from her window upon the lake. Well, sir, I heard the sash of her window thrown up, the shutters opened, and her own voice in conversation with some person who answered from below. This is not 'Much ado about nothing;' I could not be mistaken in her voice, and such tones, so soft, so insinuating—And, to say the truth, the accents from below were in passion's tenderest cadence too—But of the sense I can say nothing. I raised the sash of my own window that I might hear something more than the mere murmur of this Spanish rendezvous, but, though I used every precaution, the noise alarmed the speakers; down slid the young lady's

casement, and the shutters were barred in an instant. The dash of a pair of oars in the water announced the retreat of the male person of the dialogue. Indeed, I saw his boat, which he sculled with great swiftness and dexterity, fly across the lake like a twelve-oared barge. Next morning I examined some of my domestics, as if by accident, and I found the gamekeeper, when making his rounds, had twice seen that boat beneath the house, with a single person, and had heard the flageolet. I did not care to press any farther questions, for fear of implicating Julia in the opinions of those at whom they might be asked. Next morning at breakfast, I dropped a casual hint about the serenade of the evening before, and I promise you, Miss Mannering looked red and pale alternately. I immediately gave the circumstance such a turn as might lead her to suppose that my observation was merely casual. I have since caused a watch-light to be burnt in my library,

and have left the shutters open, to deter the approach of our nocturnal guest; and I have stated the severity of approaching winter, and the rawness of the fogs, as an objection to solitary walks. Miss Mannering acquiesced with a passiveness which is no part of her character, and which, to tell you the plain truth, is a feature about the business which I like least of all. Julia has too much of her own dear papa's disposition to be curbed in any of her humours, were there not some little lurking consciousness that it may be as prudent to avoid debate.

"Now my story is told, and you will judge what you ought to do. I have not mentioned the matter to my good woman, who, a faithful secretary to her sex's foibles, would certainly remonstrate against your being made acquainted with these particulars, and might, instead, take it into her head to exercise her own eloquence on Miss Mannering; a faculty, which, however powerful when directed against me,

its legitimate object, might, I fear, do more harm than good in the case supposed. Perhaps even you yourself will find it most prudent to act without remonstrating, or appearing to be aware of this little anecdote. Julia is very like a certain friend of mine; she has a quick and lively imagination, and keen feelings, which are apt to exaggerate both the good and evil they find in life. She is a charming girl however, as generous and spirited as she is lovely. I paid her the kiss you sent her with all my heart, and she rapped my fingers for my reward with all hers. Pray return as soon as you can. Meantime rely upon the care of yours faithfully,

ARTHUR MERVYN."

"P. S. You will naturally wish to know if I have the least guess concerning the person of the serenader. In truth, I have none. There is no young gentleman of these parts, who might be in rank or fortune a match for Miss Julia, that I think at all likely to play such a character. But

on the other side of the lake, nearly opposite to Mervyn-Hall, is a d—d cake-house, the resort of walking gentlemen of all descriptions, poets, players, painters, musicians, who come to rave, and recite, and madden, about this picturesque land of ours. It is paying some penalty for its beauties, that they are the means of drawing this swarm of coxcombs together. But were Julia my daughter, it is one of those sort of fellows that I should fear on her account. She is generous and romantic, and writes six sheets a-week to a female correspondent; and it's a sad thing to lack a subject in such a case, either for exercise of the feelings or of the pen. Adieu once more—were I to treat this matter more seriously than I have done, I should do injustice to your feelings; were I altogether to overlook it, I should discredit my own."

The consequence of this letter was, that, having first dispatched the faithless messenger with the necessary powers to Mr

Mac-Morlan for purchasing the estate of Ellangowan, Colonel Mannering turned his horse's head in a more southerly direction, and neither "stinted nor staid" until he arrived at the mansion of his friend Mr Mervyn, upon the banks of one of the lakes of Westmoreland.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Heaven first, in its mercy, taught mortals their letters,
For ladies in limbo, and lovers in fetters,
Or some author, who, placing his persons before ye,
Ungallantly leaves them to write their own story."

When Mannering returned to England, his first object had been to place his daughter in a seminary for female education of established character. Not, however, finding her progress in the accomplishments which he wished her to acquire so rapid as his impatience expected, he had withdrawn Miss Mannering from the school at the end of the first quarter. So she had only time to form an eternal friendship with Miss Matilda Marchmont, a young lady about her own age, which was nearly

eighteen. To her faithful eye were addressed those formidable quires which issued forth from Mervyn Hall, on the wings of the post, while Miss Mannering was a guest there. The perusal of a few extracts from these may be necessary to render our story intelligible.

"Alas! my dearest Matilda, what a tale is mine to tell! Misfortune from the cradle has set her seal upon your unhappy friend. That we should be severed for so slight a cause—an ungrammatical phrase in my Italian exercise, and three false notes in one of Paesiello's sonatas! But it is a part of my father's character—of whom it is impossible to say, whether I love, admire, or fear him the most. His success in life and in war—his habit of making every obstacle yield before the energy of his exertions, even where they seemed insurmountable,—all these have given a hasty and peremptory cast to his character, which can neither endure contradiction, nor make allowance for defici-

encies. Then he is himself so very accomplished. Do you know there was a murmur, half confirmed too by some mysterious words which dropped from my poor mother, that he possesses other sciences, now lost to the world, which enable the possessor to summon up before him the dark and shadowy forms of future events! Does not the very idea of such a power, or even of the high talent and commanding intellect which the world may mistake for it—Does it not, dear Matilda, throw a mysterious grandeur about its possessor? —You will call this romantic—but consider I was born in the land of talisman and spell, and my childhood lulled by tales which you can only enjoy through the gauzy frippery of a French translation. O Matilda, I wish you could have seen the dusky visages of my Indian attendants, bending in passive attention round the magic narrative, that flowed, half poetry, half prose, from the lips of the tale-teller. No wonder that European fiction sounds

cold and meagre, after the wonderful effects which I have seen the romances of the East produce upon the hearers."

Second Extract.

"You are possessed, my dear Matilda, of my bosom-secret in those sentiments with which I regard Brown—I will not say his memory—I am convinced he lives, and is faithful. His addresses to me were countenanced by my deceased parent—imprudently countenanced perhaps, considering the prejudices of my father in favour of birth and rank. But I, then almost a girl, could not be expected surely to be wiser than her under whose charge nature had placed me. My father, constantly engaged in military duty, I saw but at rare intervals, and was taught to look up to him with more awe than confidence. Would to Heaven it had been otherwise!

It might have been better for us all at this day!"

Third Extract.

"You ask me why I do not make known to my father that Brown yet lives, at least that he survived the wound he received in that unhappy duel; and had written to my mother, expressing his entire convalescence, and his hope of speedily escaping from captivity. A soldier, that "in the trade of war has oft slain men," feels probably no uneasiness at reflecting upon the supposed catastrophe, which almost turned me into stone. And should I shew him that letter, does it not follow, that Brown, alive and maintaining with pertinacity the pretensions for which my father formerly sought his life, would be a more formidable disturber of his peace of mind than in his supposed grave? If he escapes from the hands of these marauders, I am convinced

he will soon be in England, and it will be then time to consider how his existence is to be disclosed to my father—But if, alas! my earnest and confident hope should betray me, what would it avail to tear open a mystery fraught with so many painful recollections?—My dear mother had such dread of its being known, that I think she even suffered my father to suspect that Brown's attentions were directed towards herself, rather than permit him to discover the real object; and O, Matilda, whatever respect I owe to the memory of a deceased parent, let me do justice to a living one.—I cannot but condemn the dubious policy which she adopted, as unjust to my father, and highly perilous to herself and me.—But peace be with her ashes—her actions were guided by the heart rather than the head; and shall her daughter, who inherits all her weakness, be the first to withdraw the veil from her defects?"

Fourth Extract.

" Mervyn-Hall.

" If India be the land of magic, this, my dearest Matilda, is the country of romance. The scenery is such as nature brings together in her sublimest moods—sounding cataracts—hills which rear their scathed heads to the sky—lakes, that, winding up the shadowy valleys, lead at every turn to yet more romantic recesses—rocks which catch the clouds of heaven. All the wildness of Salvator here, and there the fairy scenes of Claude. I am happy too, in finding at least one object upon which my father can share my enthusiasm. An admirer of nature, both as an artist and a poet, I have experienced the utmost pleasure from the observations by which he explains the character and the effect of these brilliant specimens of her power. I wish he would settle in this enchanting land.

But his views lie still farther north, and he is at present absent on a tour in Scotland, looking, I believe, for some purchase of land which may suit him as a residence. He is partial, from early recollections, to that country. So, my dearest Matilda, I must be yet farther removed from you before I be established in a home—And O how delighted shall I be when I can say, come, Matilda, and be the guest of your faithful Julia!

"I am at present the inmate of Mr and Mrs Mervyn, old friends of my father. The first is precisely a good sort of woman—lady-like and housewifely—but for accomplishment or fancy—good lack, my dearest Matilda, your friend might as well seek sympathy from Mrs Teach'em, —you see I have not forgot school nicknames. Mervyn is a different—quite a different being from my father, yet he amuses me and endures me—he is fat and good-humoured, gifted with strong shrewd sense, and some powers of humour

—I delight to make him scramble to the top of eminences and to the foot of waterfalls, and am obliged in return to admire his turnips, his lucerne, and his timothy grass. He thinks me, I fancy, a simple romantic Miss, with some—(the word will be out) beauty, and some good nature; and I hold that the gentleman has good taste for the female outside, and do not expect he should comprehend my sentiments farther. So he rallies, hands, and hobbles, (for the dear creature has got the gout too,) and tells old stories of high life, of which he has seen a great deal, and I listen, and smile, and look as pretty and as pleasant as I can, and we do very well.

"But, alas! my dearest Matilda, how would time pass away, even in this paradise of romance, tenanted as it is by a pair assorting so ill with the scenes around them, were it not for your fidelity in replying to my uninteresting details? Pray do not fail to write three times a-week at least—you can be at no loss what to say."

Fifth Extract.

"How shall I communicate what I have now to tell!—My hand and heart still flutter so much that the task of writing is almost impossible.—Did I not say that he lived? did I not say that he was faithful? did I not say I would not despair? How could you suggest, my dear Matilda, that my feelings, considering I had parted from him so young, rather rose from the warmth of my imagination than of my heart?—O I was sure that they were genuine, deceitful as the dictates of our bosom so frequently are—But to my tale—let it be, my friend, the most sacred, as it is the most sincere pledge of our friendship.

"Our hours here are early—earlier than my heart, with its load of care, can compose itself to rest. I, therefore, usually

take a book for an hour or two after retiring to my own room, which I think I have told you opens to a small balcony, looking down upon that beautiful lake, of which I attempted to give you a slight sketch. Mervyn Hall, being partly an ancient building, and constructed with a view to defence, is situated on the verge of the water. A stone dropped from the projecting balcony plunges into water deep enough to float a skiff. I had left my window partly unbarred, that, before I went to bed, I might, according to my custom, look out and see the moon-light shining upon the lake. I was deeply engaged with that beautiful scene in the merchant of Venice, where two lovers, describing the stillness of a summer night, enhance upon each other its charms, and was lost in the associations of story and of feeling which it awakens, when I heard upon the lake the sound of a flageolet. I have told you it was Brown's favourite in-

strument. Who could touch it in a night which, though still and serene, was too cold, and too late in the year, to invite forth any wanderer for mere pleasure. I drew yet nearer the window, and hearkened with breathless attention—the sounds paused a space, were then resumed—paused again—and again reached my ear, ever coming nearer and nearer. At length, I distinguished plainly that little Hindu air which you called my favourite—I have told you by whom it was taught me—the instrument, the tones were his own—was it earthly music, or notes passing on the wind to warn me of his death?

It was some time ere I could summon courage to step on the balcony—nothing could have emboldened me to do so but the strong conviction of my mind, that he was still alive, and that we should again meet—but that conviction did embolden me, and I ventured, though with a throbbing heart. There was a small skiff with a sin-

gle person—O Matilda, it was himself!—I knew his appearance after so long an absence, and through the shadow of the night, as perfectly as if we had parted yesterday, and met again in the broad sun-shine! He guided his boat under the balcony, and spoke to me—I hardly know what he said, or what I replied. Indeed I could scarcely speak for weeping, but they were joyful tears. We were disturbed by the barking of a dog at some distance, and parted, but not before he had conjured me to prepare to meet him at the same place and hour this evening—but where and to what is all this tending? —Can I answer this question—I cannot— —Heaven, that saved him from death and delivered him from captivity, that saved my father, too, from shedding the blood of one who would not have blemished one hair upon his head—that heaven must guide me out of this labyrinth. Enough for me the firm resolution, that Matilda

shall not blush for her friend, my father for his daughter, or my lover for her on whom he has fixed his affection."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Talk with a man out of a window !—a proper saying.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

WE must proceed with our extracts of Miss Mannering's letters, which throw light upon natural good sense, principle, and feelings, blemished by an imperfect education, and the folly of a misjudging mother, who called her husband in her heart a tyrant until she feared him as such, and read romances until she became so enamoured of the complicated intrigues which they contain, as to assume the management of a little family novel of her own, and constitute her daughter, a girl of sixteen, the principal heroine. She delighted in petty mystery,

and intrigue, and secrets, and yet trembled at the indignation which these paltry manœuvres excited in her husband's mind. Thus she frequently entered upon a scheme merely for pleasure, or perhaps for the love of contradiction, plunged deeper into it than she was aware, endeavoured to extricate herself by new arts, or to cover her error by dissimulation, became involved in meshes of her own weaving, and was forced to carry on, for fear of discovery, machinations which she had formerly resorted to in mere wantonness.

Fortunately the young man whom she so imprudently introduced into her intimate society, and encouraged to look up to her daughter, had a fund of principle and honest pride, which rendered him a safer inmate than Mrs Mannering ought to have dared to hope or expect. The obscurity of his birth could alone be objected to him—in every other respect,

With prospects bright upon the world he came,
Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame;
Men watched the way his lofty mind would take,
And all foretold the progress he would make.

But it could not be expected that he should resist the snare which Mrs Mannering's imprudence threw in his way, or avoid becoming attached to a young lady whose beauty and manners might have justified his passion, even in scenes where these are more generally met with, than in a remote fortress in our Indian settlements. The scenes which followed have been partly detailed in Mannering's letter to Mr Mervyn; and to expand what is there stated into further explanations would be to abuse the patience of our readers.

We shall therefore proceed with our promised extracts from Miss Mannering's letters to her friend.

Sixth Extract.

"I have seen him again, Matilda,—seen him twice. I have used every argument to convince him that this secret intercourse is dangerous to us both—I even pressed him to pursue his views of fortune without farther regard to me, and to consider my peace of mind as sufficiently secured by the knowledge that he had not fallen under my father's sword. He answers—but how can I detail all he has to answer? he claims those hopes as his due which my mother permitted him to entertain, and would persuade me to the madness of a union without my father's sanction. But to this, Matilda, I will not be persuaded. I have resisted; I have subdued the rebellious feeling which arose to aid his plea; yet how to extricate myself from this unhappy labyrinth, in which fate and folly have entangled us!

"I have thought upon it, Matilda, till my head is almost giddy—nor can I conceive a better plan than to make a full confession to my father. He deserves it, for his kindness is unceasing; and I think I have observed in his character, since I have studied it more nearly, that his harsher feelings are chiefly excited where he suspects deceit or imposition; and in that respect, perhaps, his character was formerly misunderstood by one who was dear to him. He has, too, a tinge of romance in his disposition; and I have seen the narrative of a generous action, a trait of heroism, or virtuous self-denial, extract tears from him, which refused to flow at a tale of mere distress. But then, Brown urges, that he is personally hostile to him —And the obscurity of his birth—that would be indeed a stumbling-block.—O Matilda, I hope none of your ancestors ever fought at Poictiers or Agincourt. If it were not for the esteem which my father attaches to the memory of old Sir

Miles Mannering, I should make out my explanation with half the tremor which must now attend it."

Seventh Extract.

"I have this instant received your letter—your most welcome letter!—Thanks, my dearest friend, for your sympathy and your counsels—I can only repay them with unbounded confidence.

"You ask me, what Brown is by origin, that his descent should be so unpleasing to my father. His story is shortly told. He is of Scottish extraction, but, being left an orphan, his education was undertaken by a family of relations settled in Holland. He was bred to commerce, and sent very early to one of our settlements in the East, where his guardian had a correspondent—But this correspondent was dead when he arrived in India, and he had no other resource than to offer himself as

a clerk to a counting-house. The breaking out of the war, and the straits to which we were at first reduced, threw the army open to all young men who were disposed to embrace that mode of life; and Brown, whose genius had a strong military tendency, was the first to leave what might have been the road to wealth, and to chuse that of fame. The rest of his history is well known to you; but conceive the irritation of my father, who despises commerce, (though, by the way, the best part of his property was made in that honourable profession by my great uncle,) and has a particular antipathy to the Dutch; think with what ear he would be likely to receive proposals for his only child from Van-beest Brown, educated for charity by the house of Van-beest and Van-bruggen! O, Matilda, it will never do—nay, so childish am I, I hardly can help sympathizing with his aristocratic feelings.—Mrs Van-beest Brown! The

name has little to recommend it.—What children we are!"

Eighth Extract.

"It is all over now, Matilda!—I shall never have courage to tell my father—nay, most deeply do I fear he has already learned my secret from another quarter, which will entirely remove the grace of my communication, and ruin whatever gleam of hope I had ventured to connect with it. Yesternight, Brown came as usual, and his flageolet on the lake announced his approach. We had agreed that he should continue to use this signal. These romantic lakes attract numerous visitors, who indulge their enthusiasm in visiting the scenery at all hours; and we hoped, that if Brown were noticed from the house, he might pass for one of those admirers of nature, who gave vent to his feelings

through the medium of music. The sounds might also be my apology should I be observed in the balcony. But last night, while I was eagerly enforcing my plan of a full confession to my father, which he as earnestly deprecated, we heard the window of Mr Mervyn's library, which is under my room, open softly. I signed to Brown to make his retreat, and immediately re-entered, with some faint hopes that our interview had not been observed.

"But, alas! Matilda, these hopes vanished the instant I beheld Mr Mervyn's countenance at breakfast the next morning. He looked so provokingly intelligent and confidential, that, had I dared, I could have been more angry than ever I was in my life; but I must be on good behaviour, and my walks are now limited within his farm precincts, where the good gentleman can amble along by my side without inconvenience. I have detected him once or twice attempting to sound my thoughts, and watch the expression of

my countenance. He has talked of the flageolet more than once; and has, at different times, made eulogium upon the watchfulness and ferocity of his dogs, and the regularity with which the keeper makes his rounds with a loaded fowling-piece. He mentioned even men-traps and spring-guns. I should be loth to affront my father's old friend in his own house, but I do long to show him that I am my father's daughter, a fact of which Mr Mervyn will certainly be convinced, if ever I trust my voice and temper with a reply to these indirect hints. Of one thing I am certain —I am grateful to him on that account— he has not told Mrs Mervyn. Lord help me, I should have had such lectures about the dangers of love and the night air on the lake, the risk arising from colds and fortune-hunters, the comforts and convenience of sack-whey and closed windows!— I cannot help trifling, Matilda, though my heart be sad enough. What Brown will do I cannot guess. I presume, however,

the fear of detection prevents his resuming his nocturnal visit. He lodges at an inn on the opposite shore of the lake, under the name, he tells me, of Dawson,—he has a bad choice in names, that must be allowed. He has not left the army, I believe, but he says nothing of his present views.

"To complete my anxiety, my father is returned suddenly, and in high displeasure. Our good hostess, as I learned from a bustling conversation between her housekeeper and her, had no expectation of seeing him for a week, but I rather suspect his arrival was no surprise to his friend Mr Mervyn. His manner to me was singularly cold and constrained—sufficiently so to have damped all the courage with which I once resolved to throw myself on his generosity. He lays the blame of his being discomposed and out of humour to the loss of a purchase in the south west of Scotland, on which he had set his heart; but I do not suspect his equanimity of being so easily thrown off its balance. His first ex-

cursion was with Mr Mervyn's barge across the lake to the inn I have mentioned. You may imagine the agony with which I awaited his return—Had he recognized Brown, who can guess the consequence? He returned, however, apparently without having made any discovery. I understand, that, in consequence of his late disappointment, he means now to hire a house in the neighbourhood of this same Ellangowan, of which I am doomed to hear so much—he seems to think it probable that the estate for which he wishes may soon be again in the market. I will not send away this letter until I hear more distinctly what are his intentions."

"I have now had an interview with my father, as confidential, as, I presume, he means to allow me. He requested me to-day after breakfast, to walk with him into the library; my knees, Matilda, shook under me, and, it is no exaggeration to say, I could scarce follow him into the

room. I feared I knew not what—From my childhood I had seen all tremble around him at his frown—He motioned me to seat myself, and I never obeyed a command so readily, for, in truth, I could hardly stand. He himself continued to walk up and down the room. You have have seen my father, and noticed, I recollect, the remarkably expressive cast of his features. His eyes are rather naturally light in colour, but agitation or anger gives them a darker and more fiery glance; he has a custom also of drawing in his lips, when much moved, which implies a combat between native ardour of temper and the habitual power of self-command. This was the first time we had been alone since his return from Scotland, and, as he betrayed these tokens of agitation, I had little doubt that he was about to enter upon the subject I most dreaded.

"To my unutterable relief, I found I was mistaken, and that whatever he knew of Mr Mervyn's suspicions or discoveries,

he did not intend to converse with me on the topic. Coward as I was, I was inexpressibly relieved, though if he had really investigated the reports which may have come to his ear, the reality could have been nothing to what his suspicions might have conceived. But, though my spirits rose high at my unexpected escape, I had not courage myself to provoke the discussion, and remained silent to receive his commands.

Julia,' he said, 'my agent writes me from Scotland, that he has been able to hire a house for me, decently furnished, and with the necessary accommodation for my family—it is within three miles of that I had designed to purchase.'——Then he made a pause, and seemed to expect an answer.

'Whatever place of residence suits you, sir, must be perfectly agreeable to me.'

'Umh!—I do not propose, however, Julia, that you shall reside quite alone in this house during the winter.'

" Mr and Mrs Mervyn, thought I to myself. 'Whatever company is agreeable to you, sir.'

'O, there is a little too much of this universal spirit of submission; an excellent disposition in action, but your constantly repeating the jargon of it puts me in mind of the eternal salams of our black dependants in the East. In short, Julia, I know you have a relish for society, and I intend to invite a young person, the daughter of a deceased friend, to spend a few months with us.'

'Not a governess, for the love of Heaven, papa!' exclaimed poor I, my fears at that moment getting the better of my rudence.

'No, not a governess, Miss Mannering,' replied the Colonel, somewhat sternly, 'but a young lady from whose excellent example, bred as she has been in the school of adversity, I trust you may learn the art to govern yourself.'

"To answer this was trenching upon too dangerous ground, so there was a pause.

'Is the young lady a Scotchwoman, papa?'

'Yes,—' dryly enough.

'Has she much of the accent, sir?'

'Of the devil!' answered my father hastily; 'do you think I care about *a*'s and *aa*'s, and *i*'s and *ee*'s—I tell you, Julia, I am serious in the matter. You have a genius for friendship, that is, for running up intimacies which you call such—(was not this very harshly said, Matilda?)—Now I wish to give you an opportunity at least to make one deserving friend, and therefore I have resolved that this young lady shall be a member of my family for some months, and I expect you will pay to her that attention which is due to misfortune and virtue.'

'Certainly, sir—is my future friend red-haired?'

"He gave me one of his stern glances;

you will say, perhaps, I deserved it, but I think the deuce prompts me with teasing questions on some occasions.

'She is as superior to you, my love, in personal appearance, as in prudence and affection for her friends.'

'Lord, papa, do you think that superiority a recommendation?—Well, sir, but I see you are going to take all this too seriously—Whatever the young lady may be, I am sure, being recommended by you, she shall have no reason to complain of my want of attention.—(After a pause)—Has she any attendant? because you know I must provide for her proper accommodation, if she is without one.'

'N—no—no—not properly an attendant—the chaplain who lived with her father is a very good sort of man, and I believe I shall make room for him in the house.'

'Chaplain, papa? Lord bless us!'

'Yes, Miss, chaplain; is there any thing

very new in that word? had we not a chaplain at the Residence, when we were in India?'

'Yes, papa, but you were a commandant then.'

'So I will be now, Miss Mannering,—in my own family at least.'

'Certainly, sir,—but will he read the church of England service?'

"The apparent simplicity with which I asked this question got the better of his gravity. 'Come, Julia,' he said, 'you are a sad girl, but I gain nothing by scolding you—of these two strangers, the young lady is one whom you cannot fail, I think, to love—the person whom, for want of a better term, I called chaplain, is a very worthy and somewhat ridiculous personage, who will never find out you laugh at him, if you don't laugh very loud indeed.'

'Dear papa, I am delighted with that part of his character—but pray, is the house we are going to as pleasantly situated as this?'

'Not perhaps as much to your taste—there is no lake under the windows, and you will be under the necessity of having all your music within doors.'

"This last *coup de main* ended the keen encounter of our wits, for you may believe, Matilda, it quelled all my courage to reply.

"Yet my spirits, as perhaps will appear too manifest from this dialogue, have risen insensibly, and, as it were, in spite of myself. Brown alive, and free, and in England!—embarrassment and anxiety I can and must endure. We leave this in two days for our new residence. I shall not fail to let you know what I think of these Scotch inmates, whom I have but too much reason to believe my father means to quarter in his house as a brace of honourable spies—a sort of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, one in a cassock, the other in tartan petticoats. What a contrast to the society I would willingly have secured to myself! I shall write instantly on my arriving at our

new place of abode, and acquaint my dearest Matilda with the farther fates of—her Julia Mannering."

CHAPTER XIX.

Which sloping hills around enclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows,
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers,
Its tides a far-famed river pours.
By nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!—

WARTON.

WOODBOURNE, the habitation which Mannering, by Mr Mac-Morlan's mediation, had hired for a season, was a large comfortable mansion, snugly situated beneath a hill covered with wood, which shrouded the house upon the north and east; the front looked upon a little lawn bordered by a grove of old trees—beyond were some arable fields, extending down to the river, which was seen from

the windows of the house. A tolerable, though old-fashioned garden, a well-stocked dove-cot, and the possession of any quantity of ground which the convenience of the family might require, rendered the place in every respect suitable, as the advertisements have it, for the accommodation of a genteel family.

Here, then, Mannering resolved, for some time at least, to set up the staff of his rest. Though an East-Indian, he was not partial to an ostentatious display of wealth. In fact, he was too proud a man to be a vain one. He resolved, therefore, to place himself upon the footing of a country gentleman of easy fortune, without assuming, or permitting his household to assume, any of the *faste* which then was considered as characteristic of a nabob. He had still his eye upon the purchase of Ellangowan, which Mac-Morlan conceived Mr Glossin would be compelled to part with, as some of the creditors disputed his title to retain so large a part of the pur-

chase-money in his own hands, and his power to pay it was much questioned. In that case, Mac-Morlan was assured he would readily give up his bargain, if tempted with something above the price which he had stipulated to pay. It may seem strange, that Mannering was so much attached to a spot which he had seen only once, and that for a short time, in early life. But the circumstances which passed there had laid strong hold on his imagination. There seemed to be a fate which conjoined the remarkable passages of his own family history with those of the inhabitants of Ellangowan, and he felt a mysterious desire to call the terrace his own, from which he had read in the book of heaven a fortune strangely accomplished in the person of the infant heir of that family, and corresponding so closely with one which had been so strikingly fulfilled in his own. Besides, when once this thought had got possession of his imagination, he could not, without great reluctance, brook

the idea of his plan being defeated, and by a fellow like Glossin. So pride came to the aid of fancy, and both combined to fortify his resolution to buy the estate if possible.

Let us do Mannering justice. A desire to serve the distressed had also its share in determining him. He had considered the advantages which Julia might receive from the company of Lucy Bertram, whose genuine prudence and good sense could so surely be relied upon. This idea had become much stronger since Mac-Morlan had confided to him, under the solemn seal of secrecy, the whole of her conduct towards young Hazlewood. To propose to her to become an inmate in his family, if distant from the scenes of youth and the few whom she called friends, would have been less delicate; but at Woodbourne she might without difficulty be induced to become the visitor of a season, without being depressed into the situation of an humble companion. Lucy Bertram, with some he-

sitation, accepted the invitation to reside a few weeks with Miss Mannering. She felt too well, that, however the colonel's delicacy might disguise the truth, his principal motive was a generous desire to afford her his countenance and protection. About the same time she received a letter from Mrs Bertram, the relation to whom she had written, as cold and comfortless as could well be imagined. It inclosed, indeed, a small sum of money, but strongly recommended economy, and that Miss Bertram should board herself in some quiet family, either at Kippletringan or in the neighbourhood, assuring her, that though her own income was very scanty, she would not see her kinswoman want. Miss Bertram shed some natural tears over this cold-hearted epistle, for in her mother's time, this good lady had been a guest at Ellangowan for nearly three years, and it was only upon succeeding to a property of about 400*l.* a-year that she had taken farewell of that hospitable mansion, which,

otherwise, might have had the honour of sheltering her until the death of its owner. Lucy was strongly inclined to return the paltry donation, which, after some struggles with avarice, pride had extorted from the old lady. But upon consideration, she contented herself with writing, that she accepted it as a loan, which she hoped in a short time to repay, and consulted her relative upon the invitation she had received from colonel and Miss Mannering. This time the answer came in course of post, so fearful was Mrs Bertram, that some frivolous delicacy or nonsense, as she termed it, might induce her cousin to reject such a promising offer, and thereby at the same time to leave herself still a burthen upon her relations. Lucy, therefore, had no alternative, unless she preferred continuing a burthen upon the worthy Mac-Morlans, who were too liberal to be rich. Those who had formerly requested the favour of her company, either silently, or with expressions of resent-

ment that she should have preferred Mac-Morlan's invitation to theirs, had gradually withdrawn their notice.

The fate of Dominie Sampson would have been deplorable had it depended upon any one except Mannering, who was an admirer of originality. Mac-Morlan had given a full account of his proceedings towards the daughter of his patron. The answer was a request from Mannering to know, whether the Dominie still possessed that admirable virtue of taciturnity by which he was so notably distinguished at Ellangowan? Mac-Morlan replied in the affirmative. "Let Mr Sampson know," said the colonel's next letter, "that I shall want his assistance to catalogue and put in order the library of my uncle, the bishop, which I have ordered to be sent down by sea. I shall also want him to copy and arrange some papers. Fix his salary at what you think befitting—let the poor man be pro-

perly dressed, and accompany his young lady to Woodbourne."

Honest Mac-Morlan received this mandate with great joy, but pondered much upon executing that part of it which related to newly-attiring the worthy Dominie. He looked at him with a scrutinizing eye, and it was but too plain that his present garments were daily waxing more deplorable. To give him money, and bid him go and furnish himself, would be only giving him the means of making himself ridiculous; for when such a rare event arrived to Mr Sampson, as the purchase of new garments, the additions which he made to his wardrobe by the guidance of his own taste usually brought all the boys of the village after him for many days. On the other hand, to bring a tailor to measure him, and send home his clothes as for a school-boy, would probably give great offence. At length he resolved to consult Miss Bertram, and request her in-

terference. She assured him, that she could not pretend to superintend a gentleman's wardrobe, but that nothing was more easy than to arrange the Dominie's—

"At Ellangowan," she said, "whenever my poor father thought any part of the Dominie's dress wanted renewal, a servant was directed to enter his room by night, for he sleeps as fast as a dor-mouse, carry off the old vestment, and leave the new one; nor could we ever observe that the Dominie exhibited the least consciousness of the change put upon him."

Mac-Morlan, therefore, procured a skilful artist, who, on looking at the Dominie attentively, undertook to make for him two suits of clothes, one black, and one raven-grey, and that they should fit him as well at least, (so the tailor qualified his enterprise,) as a man of such an out-of-the-way build could be fitted by merely human needles and shears. When he had accomplished his task, and the dresses were brought home, Mac-Morlan, judici-

ously resolving to accomplish his purpose by degrees, withdrew that evening an important part of his dress, and substituted the new article of raiment in its stead. Perceiving that this passed totally without notice, he next ventured on the waistcoat, and last upon the coat. When fully metamorphosed, and arrayed for the first time in his life in a decent dress, they did observe, that the Dominie seemed to have some indistinct and embarrassing consciousness that a change had taken place upon his outward man. Whenever they observed this dubious expression gather upon his countenance, accompanied with a glance, that fixed now upon the sleeve of his coat, now upon the knees of his breeches, where he probably missed some antique patching and darning, which, being executed with blue thread upon a black ground, had somewhat the effect of embroidery, they always took care to turn his attention into some other channel, until his garments, " by the aid of use, clea-

ved to their mould." The only remark he was ever known to make upon the subject, was, "The air of a town, like Kippletringan, seemed favourable unto wearing apparel, for he thought his coat looked as new as the first day he put it on, which was when he went to stand trial for his licence as a preacher."

When he heard the liberal proposal of Colonel Mannering, he first turned a jealous and doubtful glance towards Miss Bertram, as if he suspected that the project involved their separation; but when Mr Mac-Morlan hastened to explain that she would be a guest at Woodbourne for some time, he rubbed his huge hands together, and burst into a portentous sort of chuckle, like that of the Afrite in the tale of Caliph Vathek. After this unusual explosion of satisfaction, he remained quite passive in all the rest of the transaction.

It had been settled that Mr and Mrs Mac-Morlan should take possession of the

house a few days before Mannering's arrival, both to put every thing in perfect order, and to make the transference of Miss Bertram's residence from their family to his as easy and delicate as possible. Accordingly, in the beginning of the month of December, the party were settled at Woodbourne.

CHAPTER XX.

"A gigantic genius, fit to grapple with whole libraries."

Boswell's Life of Johnson.

THE appointed day arrived, when the Colonel and Miss Mannering were expected at Woodbourne. The hour was fast approaching, and the little circle within doors had each their separate subjects of anxiety. Mac-Morlan naturally desired to attach to himself the patronage and countenance of a person of Mannering's wealth and consequence. He was aware, from his knowledge of mankind, that Mannering, though generous and benevolent, had the foible of expecting and exacting a minute compliance with his directions. He was therefore racking his

recollection to discover if every thing had been arranged to meet the Colonel's wishes and instructions, and, under this uncertainty of mind, he traversed the house more than once from the garret to the stables. Mrs Mac-Morlan revolved in a lesser orbit, comprehending the dining parlour, housekeeper's room, and kitchen. She was only afraid that the dinner might be spoiled, to the discredit of her housewifely accomplishments. Even the usual passiveness of the Dominie was so far disturbed, that he twice went to the window, which looked out upon the avenue, and twice exclaimed, "Why tarry the wheels of their chariot?" Lucy, the most quiet of the expectants, had her own melancholy thoughts. She was now about to be consigned to the charge, almost to the benevolence, of strangers, with whose character, though hitherto very amiably displayed, she was but imperfectly acquainted. The mo-

ments, therefore, of suspense passed anxiously and heavily.

At length the trampling of horses, and the sound of wheels, were heard. The servants, who had already arrived, drew up in the hall to receive their master and mistress, with an importance and *empressement*, which, to Lucy, who had never been accustomed to society, or witnessed what is called the manners of the great, had something alarming. Mac-Morlan went to the door to receive the master and mistress of the family, and in a few moments they were in the drawing-room.

Mannering, who had travelled as usual on horseback, entered with his daughter hanging upon his arm. She was of the middle size, or rather less, but formed with much elegance; piercing dark eyes, and jet-black hair of great length, corresponded with the vivacity and intelligence of features, in which were blended a little haughtiness, and a little bashfulness, a great deal of shrewdness, and some power

of humorous sarcasm. "I shall not like her," was the result of Lucy Bertram's first glance; "and yet I rather think I shall," was the thought excited by the second.

Miss Mannering was furred and mantled up to the throat against the severity of the weather; the Colonel in his military great coat. He bowed to Mrs Mac-Morlan, whom his daughter also acknowledged with a fashionable courtesy, not dropped so low as at all to incommode her person. The Colonel then led his daughter up to Miss Bertram, and, taking the hand of the latter, with an air of great kindness, and almost paternal affection, he said, "Julia, this is the young lady whom I hope our good friends have prevailed on to honour our house with a long visit. I shall be much gratified indeed if you can render Woodbourne as pleasant to Miss Bertram, as Ellangowan was to me when I first came as a wanderer into this country."

The young lady curtsied acquiescence, and took her new friend's hand. Mannering now turned his eye upon the Dominie, who had made bows since his entrance into the room, sprawling out his leg, and bending his back like an automaton, which continues to repeat the same movement until the motion is stopped by the artist. "My good friend, Mr Sampson,"—said Mannering, introducing him to his daughter, and darting at the same time a reproving glance at the damsel, notwithstanding he had himself some disposition to join her too obvious inclination to risibility: "This gentleman, Julia, is to put my books in order when they arrive, and I expect to derive great advantage from his extensive learning."

"I am sure we are obliged to the gentleman, papa, and, to borrow a ministerial mode of giving thanks, I shall never forget the extraordinary countenance he has been pleased to shew us. But, Miss Bertram," continued she hastily, for her fa-

ther's brows began to darken, "we have travelled a good way,—will you permit me to retire before dinner?"

This intimation dispersed all the company, save the Dominie, who, having no idea of dressing but when he was to rise, or of undressing but when he meant to go to bed, remained by himself, chewing the cud of mathematical demonstration, until the company again assembled in the drawing-room, and from thence adjourned to the dining-parlour.

When the day was concluded, Mannering took an opportunity to hold a minute's conversation with his daughter in private.

"How do you like your guests, Julia?"

"O, Miss Bertram of all things—but this is a most original parson—why, dear sir, no human being will be able to look at him without laughing."

"While he is under my roof, Julia, every one must learn to do so."

"Lord, papa, the very footmen could not keep their gravity!"

"Then let them strip off my livery, and laugh at their leisure. Mr Sampson is a man whom I esteem for his simplicity and benevolence of character."

"O I am convinced of his generosity too," said this lively lady, "he cannot lift a spoonful of soup to his mouth without bestowing a share on every thing round."

"Julia, you are incorrigible;—but remember I expect your mirth on this subject shall be under such restraint, that it shall neither offend this worthy man's feelings, nor those of Miss Bertram, who may be more apt to feel upon his account than he on his own. And so, good night, my dear, and remember, that though Mr Sampson has not sacrificed to the graces, there are many things in this world more truly deserving of ridicule than either awkwardness of manners or simplicity of character."—

In a day or two Mr and Mrs Mac-Mor-

lan left Woodbourne, after taking an affectionate farewell of their late guest. The household were now settled in their new quarters. The young ladies followed their studies and amusements together. Colonel Mannering was agreeably surprised to find that Miss Bertram was well skilled in French and Italian, thanks to the assiduity of Dominie Sampson, whose labour had silently possessed him of most modern as well as ancient languages. Of music she knew little or nothing, but her new friend undertook to give her lessons; in exchange for which, she learned from Lucy the habit of walking, and the art of riding, and the courage necessary to defy the season. Mannering was careful to substitute for their amusement in the evening such books as might convey some solid instruction with entertainment, and, as he read aloud with great skill and taste, the winter nights passed pleasantly away.

Society was quickly formed where there

were so many inducements. Most of the families of the neighbourhood visited Colonel Mannering, and he was soon able to select from among them such as best suited his taste and habits. Charles Hazlewood held a distinguished place in his favour, and was a frequent visitor, not without the consent and approbation of his parents; for there was no knowing, they thought, what assiduous attention might produce, and the beautiful Miss Mannering, with an Indian fortune, was a prize worth looking after. Dazzled with such a prospect, they never considered the risk which had once been some object of their apprehension, that his boyish and inconsiderate fancy might form an attachment to the pennyless Lucy Bertram, who had nothing on earth to recommend her, but a pretty face, good birth, and a most amiable disposition. Mannering was more prudent. He considered himself acting as Miss Bertram's guardian, and, while he did not think it incumbent upon him altoge-

ther to check her intercourse with a young gentleman for whom, excepting in wealth, she was a match in every respect, he laid it under such insensible restraints as might prevent any engagement or eclaircissement taking place until the young man should have seen a little more of life and of the world, and have attained that age when he might be considered as entitled to judge for himself in the matter in which his happiness was chiefly interested.

While these matters engaged the attention of the other members of the Woodbourne family, Dominie Sampson was engaged, body and soul, in the arrangement of the late bishop's library, which had been sent from Liverpool by sea, and conveyed by thirty or forty carts from the sea-port at which it was landed. Sampson's joy at beholding the ponderous contents of these chests arranged upon the floor of the apartment, from whence he was to transfer them to the shelves, baffled all

description. He grinned like an ogre, swung his arms like the sails of a windmill, shouted "prodigious" till the roof rung to his raptures. "He had never," he said, "seen so many books together, except in the College Library;" and now his dignity and delight in being superintendant of the collection, raised him, in his own opinion, almost to the rank of the academical librarian, whom he had always regarded as the greatest and happiest man on earth. Neither were his transports diminished upon a hasty examination of the contents of these volumes. Some, indeed, of belles lettres, poems, plays, or memoirs, he tossed indignantly aside, with the implied censure of "psha," or "frivolous;" but the greater and bulkier part of the collection bore a very different character. The deceased prelate, a divine of the old and deeply-learned cast, had loaded his shelves with volumes which displayed the antique and

venerable attributes so happily described by a modern poet,

> That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid,
> Those ample clasps of solid metal made,
> The close-press'd leaves unclosed for many an age,
> The dull red edging of the well-fill'd page,
> On the broad back the stubborn ridges roll'd,
> Where yet the title stands in tarnish'd gold.

Books of theology and controversial divinity, commentaries, and polyglots, sets of the fathers, and sermons, which might each furnish forth ten brief discourses of modern date, books of science ancient and modern, classical authors in their best and rarest forms; such formed the late bishop's venerable library, and over such the eye of Dominie Sampson gloated with rapture. He entered them in the catalogue in his best running hand, forming each letter with the accuracy of a lover writing a valentine, and placed each individually on the destined shelf with

all the reverence which I have seen a lady pay to a jar of old china. With all this zeal his labours advanced slowly. He often opened a volume when half way up the library steps, fell upon some interesting passage, and, without shifting his inconvenient posture, continued immersed in the fascinating perusal until the servant pulled him by the skirts to assure him that dinner waited. He then repaired to the parlour, bolted his food down his capacious throat in squares of three inches, answered aye and no at random to whatever question was asked at him, and again hurried back to the library so soon as his napkin was removed.

> "How happily the days
> Of Thalaba went bye!"

And having thus left the principal characters of our tale in a situation, which, being sufficiently comfortable to themselves, is, of course, utterly uninteresting

to the reader, we take up the history of a person who has as yet only been named, and who has all the interest that uncertainty and misfortune can give.

CHAPTER XXI.

"What say'st thou, Wise-One?—that all powerful Love
Can fortune's strong impediments remove.
Nor is it strange that worth should wed to worth,
The pride of genius with the pride of birth."

CRABBE.

V. BROWN—I will not give at full length his thrice unhappy name—had been from infancy a ball for fortune to spurn at; but nature had given him that elasticity of mind, which rises higher from the rebound. His form was tall, manly, and active, and his features corresponded with his person; for, although far from regular, they had an expression of intelligence and good humour, and when he spoke or was particularly animated, might be decidedly pronounced interesting. His manner indicated a good deal the military profession which

had been his choice, and in which he had now attained the rank of captain, the person who succeeded Colonel Mannering in his command having laboured to repair the injustice which Brown had sustained by that gentleman's prejudice against him. But this, as well as his liberation from captivity, had taken place after Mannering had left India. Brown followed at no distant period, his regiment being recalled home. His first enquiry was after the family of Mannering, and, easily learning their route northward, he followed it with the purpose of resuming his addresses to Julia. With her father he deemed he had no measures to keep; for, ignorant of the more venomous belief which had been instilled into the colonel's mind, he regarded him as an oppressive aristocrat, who had used his power as a commanding officer to deprive him of the preferment due to his behaviour, and who had forced upon him a personal quarrel without any better reason than his atten-

tions to a pretty young woman, agreeable to herself, and permitted and countenanced by her mother. He was determined, therefore, to take no rejection unless from the young lady herself, believing that the heavy misfortunes of his painful wound and imprisonment were direct injuries received from the father, which might dispense with his using much ceremony towards him. How far his scheme had succeeded when his nocturnal visit was discovered by Mr Mervyn, our readers are already informed.

Upon this unpleasant occurrence, Captain Brown absented himself from the inn in which he had resided under the name of Dawson, so that Colonel Mannering's attempts to discover and trace him were unavailing. He resolved, however, that no difficulties should prevent his continuing his enterprise, while Julia left him a ray of hope. The interest he had secured in her bosom was such as she had been unable to conceal from him, and with all the courage of romantic gallantry he de-

termined upon perseverance. But we believe the reader will be as well pleased to learn his mode of thinking and intentions from his own communication to his special friend and confidant, Captain Delaserre, a Swiss gentleman, who had a company in his regiment.

EXTRACT.

"Let me hear from you soon, dear Delaserre—Remember I can learn nothing about regimental affairs but through your friendly medium, and I long to know what has become of Ayre's court-martial, and whether Elliot gets the majority—also how recruiting comes on, and how the young officers like the mess. Of our kind friend, the Lieutenant-Colonel, I need ask nothing; I saw him as I passed through Nottingham, happy in the bosom of his family. What a happiness it is, Philip, for us poor devils, that we have a little resting-place between the camp and the grave, if we can manage to escape disease,

and steel, and lead, and the effects of hard living. A retired old soldier is always a graceful and respected character—he grumbles a little now and then, but then his is licensed murmuring—were a lawyer, or a physician, or a clergyman, to breathe a complaint of hard luck or want of preferment, a hundred tongues would blame his own incapacity as the cause. But the most stupid veteran that ever faultered out the thrice-told tale of a siege and a battle, and a cock and a bottle, is listened to with sympathy and reverence when he shakes his thin locks, and talks with indignation of the boys that are put over his head. And you and I, Delaserre, foreigners both,—for what am I the better that I was originally a Scotchman, since, could I prove my descent, the English would hardly acknowledge me a countryman?—we may boast that we have fought out our preferment, and gained that by the sword which we had not money to compass otherwise. The English are a wise people. While they

praise themselves and affect to undervalue all other nations, they leave us, luckily, trap-doors and back-doors open, by which we strangers, less favoured by nature, may arrive at a share of their advantages. And thus they are, in some respects, like a boastful landlord, who exalts the value and flavour of his six-years-old mutton, while he is delighted to dispense a share of it to all the company. In short, you, whose proud family, and I, whose hard fate, made us soldiers of fortune, have the pleasant recollection, that, in the British service, stop where we may upon our career, it is only for want of money to pay the turnpike, and not from our being prohibited to travel the road. If, therefore, you can persuade little Weischel to come into *ours,* for God's sake let him buy the ensigncy, live prudently, mind his duty, and trust to the fates for promotion.

" And now, I hope you are expiring with curiosity to learn the end of my ro-

mance. I told you I had deemed it convenient to make a few days tour on foot among the mountains of Westmoreland, with Dudley, a young English artist, with whom I have formed some acquaintance. A fine fellow this, you must know, Delaserre—he paints tolerably, draws beautifully, converses well, and plays charmingly on the flute; and, though thus well entitled to be a coxcomb of talent, is, in fact, a modest unpretending young man. Upon our return from our little tour, I learned that the enemy had been reconnoitring. Mr Mervyn's barge had crossed the lake, I was informed by my landlord, with the squire himself and a visitor.

'What sort of person, landlord?'

'Why, he was a dark officer-looking mon, at they called colonel—Squoire Mervyn questioned me as close as had I been at sizes—I had a guess, Mr Dawson' (I told you that was my feigned name)—'But I tould him nought of your vagaries, and going out a-laking in the mere a-noights—

not I—an I can make no sport I'se spoil none—and Squoire Mervyn's as cross as poy-crust too, mon—he's aye maundering an my guests but land beneath his house, though it be marked for the fourth station in the Survey. Noa, noa, e'en let un smell things out o' themselves for Joe Hodges.'——

"You will allow there was nothing for it after this, but paying honest Joe Hodges' bill, and departing, unless I had preferred making him my confidant, for which I felt in no shape inclined. Besides, I learned that our *ci-devant* colonel was on full retreat for Scotland, carrying off poor Julia along with him. I understand from those who conduct the heavy baggage, that he takes his winter quarters at a place called Woodbourne, in —— shire in Scotland. He will be all on the alert just now, so I must let him enter his entrenchments without any new alarm. And then, my good colonel, to whom I owe so many grateful thanks, pray look to your defence.

"I protest to you, Delaserre, I often think there is a little contradiction enters into the ardour of my pursuit. I think I would rather bring this haughty insulting man to the necessity of calling his daughter Mrs Brown, than I would wed her with his full consent, and with the king's permission to change my name for the stile and arms of Mannering, though his whole fortune went with them. There is only one circumstance that chills me a little—Julia is young and romantic. I would not willingly hurry her into a step which her riper years might disapprove—no;—nor would I like to have her upbraid me, were it but with a glance of her eye, with having ruined her fortunes—far less give her reason to say, as some have not been slow to tell their lords, that, had I left her time for consideration, she would have been wiser and done better. No, Delaserre—this must not be. The picture presses close upon me, because I am aware a girl in Julia's situation has no distinct and precise idea

of the value of the sacrifice she makes. She knows difficulties only by name, and if she thinks of love and a farm, it is a *ferme ornée*, such as is only to be found in poetic description, or in the park of a gentleman of twelve thousand a-year. She would be ill prepared for the privations of that real Swiss cottage we have so often talked of, and for the difficulties which must necessarily surround us even before we attained that haven. This must be a point clearly ascertained. Although Julia's beauty and playful tenderness have made an impression on my heart never to be erased, I will be satisfied that she perfectly understands the advantages she foregoes, before she sacrifices them for my sake.

"Am I too proud, Delaserre, when I trust that even this trial may terminate favourably to my wishes?—Am I too vain when I suppose, that the few personal qualities which I possess, with means of competence however moderate, and the determination of consecrating my life to her

happiness, may make amends for all I must call upon her to forego? Or will a difference of dress, of attendance, of stile, as it is called, of the power of shifting at pleasure the scenes in which she seeks amusement,—will these outweigh, in her estimation, the prospect of domestic happiness, and the interchange of unabating affection? I say nothing of her father;—his good and evil qualities are so strangely mingled, that the former are neutralized by the latter, and that which she must regret as a daughter is so much blended with what she would gladly escape from, that I place the separation of the father and child as a circumstance which weighs little in her remarkable case. Meantime I keep up my spirits as I may. I have incurred too many hardships and difficulties to be presumptuous or confident in success, and I have been too often and too wonderfully extricated from them to be despondent.

"I wish you saw this country. I think the scenery would delight you. At least

it often brings to my recollection your glowing descriptions of your native country. To me in a great measure it has the charm of novelty. Of the Scottish hills, though born among them, as I have always been assured, I have but an indistinct recollection. Indeed my memory rather dwells upon the blank which my youthful mind experienced in gazing on the levels of the isle of Zealand than on any thing which preceded that feeling. But I am confident, from that sensation, as well as from the recollections which preceded it, that hills and rocks have been familiar to me at an early period, and that though now only remembered by contrast, and by the blank which I felt while gazing around for them in vain, they must have made an indelible impression on my infant imagination. I remember when we first mounted that celebrated pass in the Mysore country, while most of the others felt only awe and astonishment at the height and grandeur of the scenery, I rather shared your feelings and those of Cameron, whose

admiration of these wild rocks was blended with familiar love, derived from early association. Despite my Dutch education, a blue hill to me is as a friend, and a roaring torrent like the sound of a domestic song that has soothed my infancy. I never felt the impulse so strongly as in this land of lakes and mountains, and nothing grieves me so much as that the duty prevents your being with me in my numerous excursions among its recesses. Some drawings I have attempted, but I succeed vilely—Dudley, on the contrary, draws delightfully, with that rapid touch which seems like magic, while I labour and botch, and make this too heavy, and that too light, and produce at last a base caricature. I must stick to the flageolet, for music is the only one of the fine arts which deigns to acknowledge me.

"Did you know that Colonel Mannering was a draughtsman?—I believe not, for he scorned to display his accomplishments to the view of a subaltern. He draws

beautifully however. Since he and Julia left Mervyn Hall, Dudley was sent for there. The squire, it seems, wanted a set of drawings made up, of which Mannering had done the first four, but was interrupted, by his hasty departure, in his purpose of completing them. Dudley says he has seldom seen any thing so masterly, though slight, and each had attached to it a short poetical description. Is Saul, you will say, among the prophets?—Colonel Mannering write poetry!—Why surely this man must have taken all the pains to conceal his accomplishments that others do to display theirs. How proud and unsociable he appeared among us—how little disposed to enter into any conversation which could become generally interesting?—And then his attachment to that unworthy Archer, so much below him in every respect, and all this, because he was the brother of Viscount Archerfield, a poor Scottish peer! I think if Archer had longer survived the wounds in the af-

fair of Cuddyboram, he would have told something that might have thrown light upon the inconsistencies of this singular man's character. He repeated to me more than once, 'I have that to say which will alter your hard opinion of our late Colonel.' But death pressed him too hard; and if he owed me any atonement, which some of his expressions seemed to imply, he died before it could be made.

"I propose to make a farther excursion through this country while this fine frosty weather serves, and Dudley, almost as good a walker as myself, goes with me for some part of the way. We part on the borders of Cumberland, when he must return to his lodging in Marybone, up three pair of stairs, and labour at what he calls the commercial part of his profession. There cannot, he says, be such a difference betwixt any two portions of existence, as between that in which the artist, if an enthusiast, collects the subjects of his drawings, and that which must necessari-

ly be dedicated to turning over his portfolio, and exhibiting them to the provoking indifference, or more provoking criticism, of fashionable amateurs. 'During the summer of my year,' says Dudley, 'I am as free as a wild Indian, enjoying myself at liberty amid the grandest scenes of nature; while, during my winters and springs, I am not only cabbined, cribbed, and confined in a miserable garret, but condemned to as intolerable subservience to the humour of others, and to as indifferent company, as if I were a literal galley-slave.' I have promised him your acquaintance, Delaserre; you will be delighted with his specimens of art, and he with your Swiss fanaticism for mountains and torrents.

"When I lose Dudley's company, I am informed that I can easily enter Scotland by stretching across a wild country in the upper part of Cumberland; and that route I shall follow, to give the Colonel time to pitch his camp ere I reconnoitre his posi-

tion.—Adieu! Delaserre—I shall hardly find another opportunity of writing till I reach Scotland."

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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